

|| Shree Gajanan Vijay ||



Contents

Chapter 1 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha	1—1
Chapter 2 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha	2—1
Chapter 3 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha	3—1
Chapter 4 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha	4—1
Chapter 5 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha	5—1
Chapter 6 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha	6—1
Chapter 7 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha	7—1
Chapter 8 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha	8—1
Chapter 9 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha	9—1
Chapter 10 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha	10—1
Chapter 11 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha	11—1
Chapter 12 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha	12—1
Chapter 13 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha	13—1
Chapter 14 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha	14—1
Chapter 15 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha	15—1
Chapter 16 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha	16—1
Chapter 17 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha	17—1
Chapter 18 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha	18—1
Chapter 19 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha	19—1
Chapter 20 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha	20—1
Chapter 21 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha	21—1

Chapter 1 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha

||Salutations to Ganesh ||

Son of Gauri, Lord of peacocks, Glory be to Him. The learned and the saintly remember you, Oh Ganesh, before setting on a new endeavour. Your mercy is limitless; it is powerful. Difficulties vanish by simply remembering you, just as silk cotton. Is reduced to ashes under a live fire. I, Ganu, thy slave, solicit Thy favour. Kindly charge my words with divine power. I am a dunce, Poetics know me not, and I shall succeed only if it's Thy will. Now, I prostrate before Saraswati, The Mother of the Universe. Oh, Mother, I am your wayward child. I know nothing with your grace, Mother, A lame will ascend a mountain and a dumb will thrall the audience. Now, I pray to Panduranga, The most aged and Ancient Lord of Pandhari, The very essence of Existence, Knowledge and Bliss. Protect me, Oh Lord! You are the substratum of the Universe. You are immanent, you are all and in all. You are the world, you are the Lord, and you are the One. You are both - with form and without, with attributes and without. Even the Vedas cannot fathom your depth, how would I Thy humble Ganu, Measure Thy glory? Rama's merciful glance was the strength behind the monkeys. On the banks of the Yamuna the cowherd boys danced. When Krishna showered his grace on them. One need not have money to win you over. One should renounce one's ego and take shelter at your feet, then alone you would succour. All the saints have been saying this. That is why I have come here, so help me, Oh Lord of Pandhari, Be seated in my heart. With only you condescending, Shall I complete this work and add the last line which shall shine like a tall Golden cap on the dome of a temple. Oh lord of Bhavani, Oh Neelkantha, Oh Ganjadhar, Oh Lord Tryambaka, the embodiment of Omkara. Hold your hand on my head. I am not afraid of the mighty Death When you are with me. I know, I am a Piece of iron, While you are parasamani your

mere touch will turn me into gold. Now I bow to the Mother of the Universe. The Goddess of Kolhapur, And of our house. Oh Mother, Durga, Oh Mrudani, bless this humble Dasaganu. Now I bow to Dattatreya, He will inspire me to sing the praises of Gajanan. Now I bow to those ancient sages Shandilya, Vasistha, Parashara, and Shankaracharya. I bow to all the saints – Gahini, Nivrutti and Jnyaneshwara and Tukaram and Ramdas I bow to Sai-Baba of Shirdi And so to meritorious Vamanashastri. Oh, all you saints, Make me fearless. It is with your grace That I Shall speak hereafter. Mother's love makes a child prattle, I am your child. A pen verily draws letters, but can it do so all alone? It is the person who holds it, writes. So I am merely a pen. You, Oh saints, are the spirit behind. So put life into the words, I record. Oh you listeners! Be alert now. Fix up your mind on Him; this is the path of liberation. Saints are verily the living gods on the earth, they are the bestowers of liberation, and they are the embodiment of righteousness. Oh you taught men, Remember, the saints are wholesale dealers in eternal happiness. So, you please do listen to their glory. The saints have not failed any one so far. They are the guides on the road to eternity. They are the vehicles of eternal knowledge those, who will fall at the feet of the saints, Will be loved by the Lord. So, now cleanse your mind and make it pure to receive the life story of Gajanan. Glory be to Bharat, She has a hoary past Saints have sanctified this land from ages bygone. Remember Narada, Dhruva, the son of Kayadhu Prahlada, Uddhava, Sudama and Arjuna. Remember, Mahavira Hanuman, The son of Anjani. Think of Dharama Raja who had no enemies, And of Shankaracharya the embodiment of Vedanta. They were really as great as the Golden Mountain Meru, and bestower of everything good to their devotees. Again think of Madhva, Vallabha and Ramanuja, They all protected the religion of this land. Narasi Mehata, Tulsidads, Kabir, Kamal, Suradasa. Can we ever forget them and Lord

Gauranga, so also, Mira, the princess Embodiment of devotion? Gorakh, Matsyendra and Jalandhara Great yogis! Navanath Bhaktisar narrates their lives. Mahipati has sung the glories Of Nama, Narhari and Janabai, Of Kanhopatra, Sakhu, Chokha, Of Sawata, Kurmadas and amaji For whom Vitthal in Bedar as a surety, Becoming the humblest of the humble in society, Paid for the grains in the godowns, Distributed to thousands of the hungry. Read Bhaktivijayam and Bhaktimala And the three volumes composed by this humbles self, wherein are given the life stories of many saints. Gajanan is the saint supreme Why did I not I sing his glories earlier? When you thread a garland, the big central flower is not taken up first. You pick it up when you are half through. Shegaon, a small village, in Vidarbha, or is it a lake, wherein bloomed, the lotus Gajanan, or was he a diamond, whose splendor glowed and charmed the world? Limited are my abilities. They fall short of describing this great saint so indescribable! Fix up your mind at his feet, and your are a free soul. Rather be ye all peacocks, to dance madly at the sight of this cloud Gajanan, His showers happiness on all. The then residents of Shegaon Surely were the luckiest of all, how else could they get, this jewel in human form? Ramachandra Patil, Once arrived in Pandharpur On one Ekadashi in the month of Kartika. Ere this I had cherished the idea of writing of the life of this great saint. I hesitated, but who knows the Divine will? Before I knew, I was in it. None can know the way in which God fulfils Himself. The origin of Gajanan is untraceable. Even as the beginning and the end of the Brahman. A diamond shining brightly is enough for catching Attention of all. No one would Bother to know, the mine from which it was picked. Gajanan was seen in Shegaon for the first time on the seventh day of the dark fortnight of Magh. In the Indian Saka 1800. The twenty-third day of February, 1878. Some say, He came there from Sajjangarh, The fort sanctified by Samarth Ramadasa. Possibly

Samartha came Once again on this earth, to liberate the people. Yogis do enter in any body, so did Gorakha. He came out of a dung hill, Kanifa out of an elephant's ear, Changadeva out of a water hole all had immaculate births. It was a strange sight to see Gajanan In a ragged tunic scratching the abandoned patravalis. Gajanan had a chilim in his hand, His sight envisioning the supraterristrial regions. He was as resplendent as the morning Sun. He was there, Picking up particles of food. From the thrown away patravalis before the house of Devidas Where the guests had participated in the feast to celebrate a fertility ritural. The Upanishads say, "Annam Barhmeti" Food is Brahman. Bankatlal Agarwal and Damodar Kulkarni, They happened to go by that way, Saw Gajanan first, Picking up food particles. He did not look like a beggar insane, nor did he look hungry. He could have asked for food and no sane man would have Denied food to him, on such an occasion. Bankatlal said to Kulkarni, This seems no ordinary man; verily, it is stated in the Bhagavata that sages behave like madmen. This man's actions are of an idiot. But he seems to be a realized soul. Numbers of men had passed by the way. But these two alone could recognize Gajanan only a jeweller can know a real gem. Diamonds and flints when in a lot, the wise pick up diamonds and leave the flints alone. Bankatlal approached Gajanan and asked him, whether he needed food. Gajanan was quiet. But his face was beaming with joy. No human from could be more handsome. He had a broad chest and well built muscles. Bankatlal asked Devidasa to bring a patravali duly served. Devidasa did so. Gajanan touched it and ate a little. One whose joy is contentment, Could he take pleasure in dainty dishes? One who is a suzerain emperor, Will he never dance with joy, when made a district officer? Gajanan mixed all the fare and ate it. Bankatlal says to Damodar, "No! He is not an idiot, He is wise. Do not test him anymore. Blessed is our town, He has come over here. Blessed are we, we have seen him. He

has come at noon time, When the Sun shines brightly and birds seek shelter in leafy branches, to keep themselves cool. He is verily Brahman. He is not afraid of anything. He has partaken of the food He has no water in his kamandalu, Let us bring it for him. Both asked him to give the kamandalu So that they may bring water. Gajanan said upto them, "Bring water if you want. Brahman is everywhere. This body has taken food, it needs water." Both were happy to hear him speak. Damodar went to the house for water. But Gajanan went to a tank where the cattle drank. He drank the water, Before Damodar could say, "Do not drink that water I have brought this one, cool and clean and fragrant with khus." Maharaj Gajanan said, "Do not say all this, All this Universe is pervaded by one Reality. All things, hot and dirty Unclean and sweet are the manifestations of the same Brahman. One who drinks is not separate from that which is drunk. Just fixed up your mind On the Lord of the universe. And know this." Damodar and Bankatlal were overwhelmed with an emotion of devotion. They were about to prostrate before him. Now that they would fall at his feet, Gajanan ran from there, like a wild wind. Who would stop him?

END OF CHAPTER ONE

Chapter 2 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha

||Salutations to Ganesh ||

Glory be to Lord Supreme who resides on the banks of Chandrabhaga. With Rukmini, the Mother of the Universe, He who succors all, without whose grace everything is futile meaningless. His grace infuses strength into the soul who takes refuge in Him. Gajanan Maharaj ran away. None could find him. Bankatlal was feeling guilty, for having lost him. His manly and resplendent form Appeared before his eyes Again and again. Bankatlal was restless. He combed the entire town, But Maharaj was seen nowhere. When Bankatlal returned home, His father asked him why he was so sorrowful and dejected. Bankatlal did not speak. Bankatlal was young and healthy and wealthy too. Why should he be sorrowful? Bankatlal told one Ramaji Deshmukh and aged resident of Shegaon, What had happened. Deshmukh was convinced That Bankatlal had seen a great yogi. There was one kirtankara by name Govind Buwa Takalika. He arrived in Shegaon. Kirtana was arranged in Shiva's temple. Bankatlal accompanied by Pitambar a tailor, was on the way to the temple. Bankatlal told Pitambar about the strange saint he had seen. And all of a sudden both of them saw the saint, Seated on a pavement. Both darted towards him, just as a miser would run after gold. Both humbly asked the saint whether they should bring something to eat. The saint bade them bring Zunka bhakar from the house of a woman who was a gardener by the caste. Bankatlal did so. The saint bade Pitambar bring water from the rivulet, And gave him a tumba. Pitambar hesitated, Told the saint that there Was not enough water in the rivulet, Whatever was, not fit for

drinking. It was made muddy by cattle. The saint said, No other water would do "Bring me water from the rivulet alone, Plunge the tumba into the water, don't pick up water in your palms." Pitambar plodded in the rivulet. There was water just enough to wet his soles. Pitambar was at a loss. But he dipped the tumba. And, behold, it sunk deep, and got filled with water, clear as crystal. Pitambar wondered how could the dirty water become crystal clear? He brought the water to the saint. The saint drank it after eating the zunka bhakar. Then said the saint, "Oh Bankatlal, you want to please me, By offering me the zunka bhakar Brought from the house of a woman Whose business it is to cultivate flowers And prepare garlands. That won't do. Come on, take out of the areca nut from your pocket, Cut it and give it to me." Bankatlal felt honored, when the saint demanded the nut. He offered two copper coins of the state of Hyderabad. Maharaj smiled said, "Do you take me for a trader? I need no such coins. I love devotion. You had it and so we met again. Now go the temple and hear the kirtana I shall sit yonder under a margosa tree." Both Bankatlal and Pitambar Left the place. Govind Buwa was half through the kirtana. It was the story of Hansa Gita From the 11th chapter Bhagavata. The latter half of the akhyana was sung by Maharaj, in a clear resonant tone From below the margosa tree. Govind Buwa realized That Maharaj was an authority and a great one for that. Govind Buwa wanted him to be brought in to the sabhamandapa. So Bankatlal, Pitambar and others Went and persuaded Maharaj to come and grace the sabhamandapa. Maharaj did not move. Govind Buwa himself came to the spot. Euglogised Maharaj, "You are verily Shankar, Come and be in this temple of Shiva. The temple will be not temple without you. I have been singing the glory of God all my life. This sadhana in the form of kirtan is ripe today. That

is why I had your darshan. So Maharaj. Come and adore your seat in the temple." Maharaj said, "Oh Govinda." Be consistent. Did not you say a few minutes before, that the universe is pervaded by Him? Why, then, insist on my coming to the temple? Man should be true. In words and in deeds. You have been narrating Bhagavata. While your actions are contrary. Go and finish your narration. I am listening from here." Govind Buwa went back to the temple. And told loudly to all "Listen, oh. You residents of Shegaon, You have discovered a gem. Keep it with care. This is no Shegaon now. It is verily Pandharpur. For Panduranga has honored this place with his own presence. Serve Him well." Thus ended the kirtana Bankatlal came home. Persuaded his father to bring home Gajanan Maharaj. Father Bhavaniram agreed. Bankatlal was happy. How and when would he bring him in? On the fourth evening when cowherds were returning home. Gajanan Maharaj appeared in Manik square Cows surrounded him, He resembled the same age-old Krishna Bankatlal led Gajanan Maharaj home. Father Bhavaniram was overjoyed. To have Pandurang of Phandharpur, at his door, rendering the evening most auspicious. With deep devotion He placed a bilvapatra on the head of Maharaj and worshipped him, soliciting him to stay for dinner. "Would you stay till the dinner is ready? If you won't, ill luck would befall me," said Bhavaniram. He hesitated and offered puris, not fresh but fried in the morning, He offered almonds and dried dates and bananas and oranges and offered all these with true devotion. Maharaj was pleased. Maharaj, stayed overnight. Next day, Bankatlal arranged for a ceremonial bath. It was a wonderful sight. Hundred pitchers of warm water were poured by men and women, some applied soap, some soapnut, and some rubbed his lotus-like feet. When the maharaj was made to wear a silk

dhوتي Sandal paste with saffron was applied to his forehead. Blossoms of tulsi were placed on his head. And Maharaj was profusely garlanded. Bankatlal's house verily became Dwarka the capital city of Krishna. Ichcharam, a cousin of Bankatlal, Thought to himself "I shall worship Maharaj this evening." It was Monday, and Iccharama Worshipped Maharaj and Brought all the sweet dishes and Prayed to Maharaj to dine. "I won't take food" said Ichcharama. "Unless you dine." So saying, Ichcharama offered the plate Containing all the sweets jillebi, raghavadasa, motichur, karanjiya, anarase, gheevar, Number of curries, chutneys, a bowl of curds, A meal enough for four men. Gajanan Maharaj said to himself, "Eat this all now. You hanker after sweet dishes, don't you? Have this all." So saying Maharaj gorged it and then threw it out. Swami Ramadasa had done do once only to tech himself a lesson and to show that overeating is bad and that devotes should not pester a sadhu in this way. So they again bathed Gajanan Maharaj, Maharaj was all joy. Two dindis came that way. They were singing the holy name of Vitthal Maharaj also set the tune with them "Gana Gana Ganat Botey" This was the only tune Maharaj knew and often sang. So people named Maharaj after Gajanan. What is name and form to one who has become one with the One? So Shegaon became verily the Pandharpur and the crowds thronged there as they would in Nasik at sinhashta or at Haradwar on auspicious kumbha, People from far and near And Bankatlal's house verily became a temple. Every day the happiness of Maharaj was shared by all the pilgrims flocking there. I have no words, nor intellect to describe the daily routine of Maharaj. There were the ceremonial baths. Sometimes unseen or unheard He used to step down into a well and drink the water there, clear or dirty. Even as wind is unpredictable, so

was he! He had an earthen pipe which he used to smoke often. Now, listen further, dear once, the life story of Maharaj. Dasaganu request you so.

END OF CHATPTER TWO

Chapter 3 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha

||Salutations to Ganesh ||

Victory be to Shri Hari, Who is Existence, Knowledge, and Bliss. Oh, Lord if the universe. Do not be harsh. Be kind towards me. You are verily the ocean of Mercy. You are verily a wish-fulfilling tree or verily a chintamani. Your glory is great. Saints sing it often. Have mercy on me your own Dasaganu. So Gajanan Maharaj realized soul a partisan of the poor and the weak Stayed with Bankatlal. Devotees from far and near Came and bowed before aharaj. Is it necessary to invite bees to suck honey from flowers? One morning Maharaj was in a meditative mood. The sky at the eastern horizon was crimson. Birds chirped, Cocks crowed, the wind caressed the tree tops, the aged were up in their beds Telling beads. The housewives were busy, sprinkling the yards, with water mixed with cowdung. Calves were making thrusts at udders of their mothers, at such a pleasant time one sadhu arrived to have a darshan of Maharaj. He was poorly dressed, with a torn lion cloth and an ochre coloured cloth Tied as a headgear. He had a roll of deer skin on his back. Number of people thronged to have darshan of Maharaj, How could a tardy sadhu Get an access to Maharaj? So the sadhu sat all alone in a corner. He mused to himself "I heard about Maharaj, and came here from Banaras. I am cherishing a desire to offer ganja to Maharaj. Would Maharaj accept it? Would the people around him allow me to hand it over to him? Or will they drive me out? It seems, ganja is not popular here. People hate one who consumes it. To me ganja is the highest delicacy, that is why I long to give it to Maharaj." As he was merged in these thoughts, Maharaj came to know to his arrival and said to one near him "bring him here who has come from Banaras. Look, he is sitting over there." The sadhu in the

corner Sprang to his feet overjoyed. He said to himself "Maharaj surely knows past, present and future, how else could he spot me out? It has been noted in Jnyaneshwari that a yogi can see beyond the version of ordinary men. Maharaj is a great yogi. He will know my heartfelt desire." So they brought the sadhu Before Maharaj. Maharaj said up to him, "Oh, take out from your zoli, that which you have been Keeping there for me."The sadhu bent town, and touched Maharaj's feet, and rolled before him like a child, on the ground. Maharaj touched him and raised him up and said "Why did you fix it in your mind to give me that thing? Were you not ashamed then? Why hesitate now?" the sadhu said, "Forgive me Maharaj, I shall surely take it out. But promise me that you won't forsake it. I know that you do not need it. You will be accepting it. Only to favour me and honour me." Whatever a devotee desires, God fulfils his wishes in many ways. Anjani had desired Shiva as her son, So Shiva fulfilled her desire and was born to her as Hanuman.In the like manner you accept me and my ganja and do not discard it even hereafter. Let it constantly remind you of this humble self. Shiva who was an embodiment of knowledge has praised ganja.Ganja may degrade an ordinary man, But will elevate one who is a great yogi."Maharaj thought for a while. Then yielded, Even as a mother would Yield to a stubborn naughty child. The sadhu took the ganja Out of his zoli and filled it in the chilim Maharaj puffed it off the sadhu stayed there for few days, and then went off to Rameshwaram. This how Maharaj to smoke, and, mind you, he was no addict. The real saints are like lotus leaves. The water of common human desires won't stick on to tarnish their spirits. Often Maharaj sang the Vedic hymns with the same sage-old intonation. The learned Brahmins looked askance, and said unto themselves "Verily Maharaj is born Pundit! How else would he sing thus the hymns?" At times Maharaj used to sing one song in various ragas. One such song was "Chandan chawal belaki

patiya."At times he used to say,"Gana Gana Ganat botey" At times he used to maintain a deep silence. At time he use to lie motionless.At times he used to move in jungles. At times he used to get into a devotees's house. It once so happened that Janarao Deshmukh a man well Known there was on his death bed. Physicians had lost hopes. Messages were sent round, "Janarao won't survive Come and see him." Someone said "Run to bankatlal, He has a saint in his home. If he wills, Janarao will survive." So hurriedly they went to Bankatlal, Asked him to give some tirtha Sanctified by Maharaj.The tirtha of saintHas the power of heavenly nectar. Bankatlal led them to his father. Father Bhavaniram was kind. He took a glass of water, and told Maharaj. The condition of Janarao Deshmukh, Solicited Maharaj to give the tirtha. Maharaj nodded.Bhavaniram dipped the tip of the toe Of Maharaj into the water. They hurried the sanctified water to the dying man, and administered it to him. And lo, the choked throat of the dying man cleared, His hands moved, His eyes opened, His vision returned to him, His heart beat distinctly, Blood pulsated back to his pale face, Warmth returned to his cool limbs. All the near and dear ones Shed tears of joy. Within eight days Janarao was up on his feet and walked to Bhavaniram to see one who gave him a fresh lease of life. So you see, the water Charged by the touch of the saint Acted as a life giving ambrosia. Now people may say none should have died while such a saint. Breathed in Shegaon. This is no logic. Saints can at most Avert dangers, when devotees supplicates to them they do not want to change the course of Nature. Did not Jnyaneshwar, at Newase, Revive the dying Satchidanada Baba? But then did not he die At last in Alandi? So the point is that, saints will relieve your pain. Remove your difficulties, but will not usually interfere In the course of nature, Even though they are able to do so. There are three types of deaths.Adhyatmika, Adhibhautika and Adhidaivika. Adhyatmika death is a spiritual death The worst death in

which man, forgetting God, Merges himself into Sensual of joys of this life. Adhibhautika death is one which is Due to physical causes. Adhidavika death is one of which is Determined on past actions. If one is not moderate in habits and would eat like a glutton Food that is prohibited, then he would be overpowered by disease and would die an adhibhautika death. Such a death may be averted. By medicines if administered by a good physician. The adhidavika death May be averted by Offering something to the deity In exchange for the dying body. Again, the death which may sweep upon a man May be due to a physical cause or due to a fore-ordained cause. Many a time death is inevitable. Did not Abhimanyu, the son of Arjun. Fell on the battle field, even when Krishna was with Arjun? But the Holy water Of Gajanan Maharaj did cause a miracle. Sometimes death may be averted by a ritual offering to the deity. But such an offering must be made with deep devotion and faith. It is the faith which works and miracles are wrought. Holy water will avert death only when it is sanctified with the touch of a holy man. A clod of earth won't turn into musk. Robes won't make a man holy, if impurities and passions rage within. Brass and gold both are metals yellow, but brass is brass, and gold is gold. Gajanan Maharaj was a realized soul. That is why with the holy water given by him the dying man could revive. Janarao Deshmukh recovered. He held a sumptuous feast for sadhus. Maharaj thought over it. And said to himself "This is not good. The ways of the world are different. They will pester me hereafter so I should be a bit harsh towards them." So Maharaj became harsh. This frightened others But not his devotees. Even as Narasimhan an incarnation of God Was fierce to others but not so to Prahlad the son of Kayadhu. A tigress is a terror But not to her cubs. The cubs playfully jump around her. Even as earth in contact with musk Or a Khaira tree among sandalwood trees Becomes fragrant, So common men in contact with a sage gain prestige

But should a clod of earth Or the Khaira tree forget its status? Cactus will grow on the same land where grows sugar cane. Diamonds and pebbles are together in a mine. Are they both equal? Both, a sage and a rogue May live under the same roof. A rogue under the grab of humility May sail under false colours. One such rogue Stayed with Maharaj Vithoba Ghatol He supposed as Lord Shankara's nandi he used to collect sweets and money, offered to Maharaj, Posed himself as a great devotee, Even as Kalyan of Ramadasa He was often unkind and harsh to other devotees One day some devotees came from a distant place. They were in a hurry. Maharaj was having his nap. No one would dare to disturb him. These devotees praised Vithoba Ghatol. Vithoba Ghatol felt elated. He awoke Maharaj these devotees had darshan. But Maharaj Thrashed vithoba Ghatol With a big stick, Blamed him for using his name for his own gains. So vithobh Ghatol Ran away from Shegaon, never to return. All sages do the same. They drive away such Middlemen as are hypocrites. Those who are no saints, however, favour hypocrities. The hypocrities middlemen inflate the fake sages. They raise them to imaginary heights. All this they do to earn money and fame. Both are trash. The real saints who are always merged in God. Won't tolerate such a humbug. The sages do protect all, Even the crooked and the sinful, But only when they are repentant. Even the punishment inflicted on them. Is for correcting them. The mother earth would allow a thorny bush and a flowering tree Grow side by side. Both are useful to the world in their own way. If Vithoba Ghatol Would not have become, So much puffed with pride, He would have been loved by all as great devotee. He did not realize the greatness of the great saint. He was under a wish-fulfilling tree. But he wished for a pebbles. He was near a wish-yielding cow. But he wished only for a shell of a coconut. Dasganu prays that this volume May show the way to all those who seek. This is offering to Hari Hara.

END OF CHAPTER THREE

Chapter 4 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha

||Salutations to Ganesh ||

Salutations to omniscient Shankara Lord of the universe with a Dark blue neck. Ganga flows from his matted hair. He is Tryambakeswar, He is the eternal time, and He is Omkara. Oh you Omkara, bless me. You and the Lord of Rukmini are one and the same. What if water is called by various names? You are the master of the universe. They worship you in their own way. If they worship sincerely and with deep devotion, you would be theirs. Can a mother be harsh with her child? I am your child. Be bountiful with your love. You are verily a wish-fulfilling tree. You will fulfil all my desires. Once it was a third day of The bright fortnight of vaishakh, Akshay tritiya the day of offering to the manes. This is an important day in Vidarbha They cook sweet dishes. They stew rice in milk, and prepare soup of tamarind pulp. And they keep a pitcher of cool water fragrant with khus. On this day Maharaj was surrounded with boys. He asked one of them to fill up his chilim. The boy filled it with tobacco but could not get live charcoal to ignite it. The boys asked for a burning charcoal in nearby houses. It was morning and the kitchens were cool. No smoke anywhere. Bankatlal asked the boys to go to Jankiram the goldsmith. It is well-known that a goldsmith's furnace blazes earlier than his kitchen stove. Boys went to Janakiram, and asked him for a live charcoal For Maharaj's chilim. Janakiram flared up at the boys "No, I won't give the live fire to anyone on akshay tritiya." Boys again entreated him, Said they, "The fire is needed not for ourselves, But for Maharaj. If

anything is needed by a sage, one should be generous. One should be not hesitate to give, Even if the day be auspicious or otherwise. If Maharaj is satisfied with a puff at his pipe, the credit will go to you. You will be blessed by him." But Janakiram did not listen. He called names to the boys And to Maharaj. Janakiram questioned the greatness of Maharaj. He called him a fool. He blamed Bankatlal also. Janakiram said. "If Maharaj is a saint why should he asked for fire? Why can't he create it? Jalandhara was also a saint and a smoker too! Did he beg for fire from door to door?" The children were crestfallen. They returned to Maharaj Told him what happened, Maharaj smiled. He took the chilim in his hands Asked Bankatlal to hold a strow over it. Bankatlal said he would kindle fire and bring it. Maharaj stop him. He held the straw as ordered. A flame issued forth and ignited the chilim, Maharaj sent up a cloud to smoke. It was proved beyond doubt that a sage has all the forces of nature at his command. It was noon time by now. Janakiram with his guests was set for the sumptuous meal. Tamarind soup is the chief item on this day. When it was served. They saw worms in it. The guest got up and went away. It was as though the manes did not accept the food offered. Janakiram said to himself, "I rebuked the boys and did not give them live charcoal For Maharaj. I did not recognize the greatness of Maharaj. Maharaj is as pure as Ganga. I cast aspersions on him who is so holy. Bitter fruits I am reaping now." He came with the pot of tamarind soup To Bankatlal to tell the truth. He told Bankatlal that guest left him without taking the food. Bankatlal said to him, "Perhaps the tamarind was rotten." Janakiram said that the tamarind was new fresh. There could not be worms in the tamarind. The shells were still there so were the seeds for him to verify he continued "I pray you now, allow me to have

darshan of Maharaj I want to apologize. I know he will forgive me. Saints are so kind." He was led to Maharaj, He prostrated before him, Praised him and eulogized him, Apologized, solicited a favour, Promised that he won't belittle him thereafter. He said to Maharaj. That he had been punished good enough. Maharaj said, "Don't tell a lie the tamarind soup is all right look." The soup was quite well. There was no trace of worms. There was a devotee Chandumukin It was the month of Jyeshtha. The devotees were sitting around. Some were fanning and some were garlanding Maharaj. Some were distributing large crystals by way of prasad, some were applying sandal paste to Maharaj, and some were slicing ripe mangoes, and were giving the slices to Maharaj. Maharaj said to Chandu, "I do not want mangoes. There are a couples of kanavalas in the lowest earthen pot, in a pile of pots in your home. Go and bring them." Chandu said "Where from shall I Bring the kanavalas? If you so desire, I shall ask them to fry f few." Maharaj said "No. Go and find them Where I have told you to search Do not give me false reasons." People around asked Chandu to do as bade. Chandu went home, Asked his wife for two kanavalas which were in the lowest pot in the pile. Wife said, "I had prepared kanavalas on the akshaya tritya day One month has elapsed they were finished that day. If you want I shall fry a few afresh." Chandu said, "Please don't fry Search in the pile of pots. Maharaj bade me do so." Then she remembered that she had kept two kanavalas in an earthen pot in the pile. "But", said she, "They might have been spoiled." When she took the pot in the pile, she saw the two kanavalas. They were not rotten. They were almost fresh. So Chandu brought those two kanavalas. This was another miracle. Maharaj ate kanavalas Even as Rama enjoyed the berries offered by Shabari. Madhao a Brahmin Lived in Chincholi a village

south of Shegaon. He was not old and beyond sixty. When young, he was a rank materialist, did not think of anything beyond wife and son. But things are preordained in this world and none can alter one's fate. Madhao lost his wife and son. He and his family lived lavishly. Now he was poor and all alone. And he was full of remorse. He repented for not remembering God, Ever before. He came to Shegaon. Sat at the door of the house where Maharaj stayed. Now he repeated the holy name all the time. He did not take food for the whole day and declared that he would now fast unto death. Maharaj told him that it was no good, And said, "Why did not you remember the Lord When things were better for you? What is the fun in performing sadhana when you have no strength left? Is it not it like digging a well for water then the house is on fire? You lived when the house is on fire? You lived for your wife and children, Where are they now? You forgot the Real. And ran after the unreal. You will have to reap what you sowed. Now do not be obstinate. Give up fasting. And be normal, discriminate." Madhao did not listen. People persuaded him, but in vain. Kulkarni of Shegaon Wanted to take him home, and give him food. But Madhao did bot budge. He stayed there, chanting the holy name. Night advanced. Darkeness enveloped the skies. The silence was being broken by the chirping of insects. Swami Gajanan Maharaj Assumed a big form dark and terrible And darted at Madhao as if to swallow him. Madhao was terrified, His lips became dry and pale. His heart was beating like bellows. Seeing his plight, Maharaj again assumed his normal form, But became more stern And told Madhao That one day he would be no more, That death would lay his icy cold hand on him, That there would be no place to hide in the next world. So Madhao supplicated Maharaj to save him from the domain of death. He pleaded

with Maharaj to send him to vaikuntha. He admitted that he had sinned a lot but was not Maharaj a blazing fire to burn down all impurities? Was it not the good fortune of Madhao that he had come for a shelter to Maharaj? One who approaches a sage is saved from the eternal fire of hell. When Madhao said so. Maharaj smiled. Maharaj said to Madhao, "Now that your end is so near Repeat "Sirman Narayana, Narayana" Or do you yet desire to live longer? If so, tell me. I shall add a few years to your account, if you want." Madhao was wise. He said, "Please do not push me Again into this mire of Maya. Please Bless me, Maharaj" Maharaj was pleased With Madhao's non-attached attitude. He said, "Be it as you wish.This is your last birth in the cycle of births and deaths.No more shall you be born on this earth." Such was an inaudible talk Between Madhao and Maharaj Dasaganu has groped hard for eluding wordsTo narrate this incident. People said that Seerve fasting affected Madhao's brain. Madhao's abandoned the body in the presence to Maharaj. No more birth for Madhao! Grace is great. God is great. Once Maharaj Said to the devotees, "Summon the Vedic Brahmins. Let there be chanting of the Vedas. The chanting pleases gods and goddesses. Let the prasada of pedha, barchi and khava and the salted pulse of grams Soaked in water over night be distributed Let the ghanapathi Brahmins Be given daxina worth rupee one each." The devotees said, "We are ready to spend as much money as would be desired by you. But where could we get Brahmins well versed in the Vedas?" Maharaj said, "Do not worry. Be ready tomorrow.God will send the Brahmins For the prosposed vasanta puja." All were happy to hear this. Hundred rupees were collected.Things were purchased. Sandal paste was rubbed with particles of saffron and camphor. At noon the learned Brahmins arrived. They knew pada patha

and Jata Patha People were happy. Vasanta puja was celebrated as never before. The learned Brahmins were pleased. Whatever bubbles up in the mind of a saint, God Almighty fulfils it. Bankatlal carried on the practice of vasanta puja. Even today, his successors Celebrate this holy day. Let this glorious biography, Composed by Dasaganu. Show the path to the aspirants, the path of pure devotion.

END OF CHAPTER FOUR

Chapter 5 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha

||Salutations to Ganesh ||

Ganesh is the Reality. Brithless and deathless. One the only One, And no second. The second exists not. Dasaganu prostrates Before Ganesh He seeks protection. He seeks fearlessness. Dasaganu is a humble soul. He is meek. The great always bestow blessings on those who are meek and humble. Did not Shankara Elevate even the ashes by applying them to his forehead? So let this humble Dasaganu Be with you, all the time. Be you kind to asaganu. Dasaganu will do whatever is desired of him. People used to throng at Shegaon. To avoid the crowds, Maharaj often went into forests and stayed there for months together in the forest. There was a temple Built in the style of Hemadpanta, That is to say, Stone slabs piled on one another, fixed without mortar. Once Maharaj Went into the sanctum sanctorum, Sat motionless, in the lotus posture. In the evening, Cowherd boys led the cattle to the rivulet, flowing near the temple. One of the boys entered the temple to bow before the Shivalinga. The boy was wonderstruck to see someone sitting so motionless. He called other boys. They sat round the sage, they called him loudly. But Maharaj did not open his eyes. The boy thought, "He is tired and hungry Perhaps he has no strength. Let us give him bhakar. So saying the boys placed a bhakar on a banyan leaf and kept it before Maharaj. They shook him, But to no purpose. The Sun set and the shadows of the evening Thickened. The boys thought to themselves, "We are being late. Our parents, worrying will hasten to the forest with lanterns, in search of us and the cattle. The cows are anxious to feed the calves. The calves might be hungry. So let us

go and tell our parents about this unusual person, sitting so motionless in the sanctum sanctorum Of the Shiva's temple." So saying they all went home, and told their parents about the saint who was sitting silently in the sanctum. So next day Men went to the forest with the cowherd boys and entered the temple. Maharaj was sitting in the same posture. The piece of bhakar lay there as was kept. Men said. "He is a yogi. He is in samadhi do not disturb him. He will regain outer consciousness. Then will he speak. Years ago, in Bengal Jalandhara sat in a cave, and were in samadhi for full twelve years. So the men did not know what to do. Whether to leave the saint there or take him home. At last they decided to take him home. They brought a palanquin and placed the saint in it. Men and women Returned home in a procession. The village band of pipers and drummers preceded the procession. Flowers and tulsipatra And vermillion were worshipfully thrown on the palanquin the saint in the palanquin was besmeared with the auspicious holy powders. It was an unusual occasion for joy. Bells chimed, Drums were beaten Gongs sent resounding notes all around, in rhythmic unison. The procession entered the village and ended in the temple of Hanuman. All the din produced by drums. Gongs and bells, Could not bring down Maharaj from the deep samadhi. The men sat there in the holy presence of Maharaj Without caring for food and water. They say devotional songs in a continued chain. Next day Maharaj Returned to the worldly plane. Everyone was overjoyed. Each one vied to offer food to Maharaj. Maharaj obliged all. On Tuesday, the residents of Pimpalgaon Came to Shegaon for the weekly market. Some of them told their relatives that they too had discovered one sadhu in the forest temple of Shankara. The new spread in the market place. When the news reached Bankatlal, He went to Pimpalgaon Accompanied by his wife. He at once recognized Maharaj, Entreated him to return. He said to Maharaj, "Your sudden disappearance, a fortnight

before, has made us miserable. The devotees there are starving themselves. They cannot think of Taking food, without having your darshan. I, myself, won't survive, if I do not succeed in taking you home." Maharaj thereafter stepped into the dhamani. Bankatlal proceeded to Shegaon. Did not Akrua once Take Krishna from Gokul? Men of Pimpalgaon Regarded bankatlal as Akrura. Bankatlal assured the residents Of Pimpalgaon, "Do not be sorrowful, Maharaj is not going far away. You may come any day and have the darshana Of Maharaj, and get your wishes fulfilled." Bankatlal was a moneylender. There were many in Pimpalgaon, Who owed him money. So they were under obligations. None could stop Bankatlal, from taking Maharaj Away from them. On way to Shegaon, Maharaj said to Bankatlal, "Oh Bankata, What is this? I think this is your usual way, as a moneylender, of forcibly taking goods belonging to others. You moneylenders are not ashamed to do so. Laxmi the goddess of wealth, Better half of Shri Vishnu the Lord of the universe, Laxmi, who can command everything in this world, is locked up by you in your steel box! And you locked me too. Seeing the plight of the Mother Laxmi, I ran away from you to the forest." Bankatlal smiled and said in a humble subdued tone, "Maharaj, Mother Laxmi Was never afraid of getting locked. She continued to stay in my home, because you preferred to stay there. It is well known that mother will stay where the child is. As for me, I regard you as my wealth. Any other wealth is meaningless to me. That is why I have come over here to take you back home. This home is no more belongs to me. Its's yours. You are the owner and master how can this humble servant disobey you now? You are free to do as you wish. My humble request is you should not leave Shegaon. Cows leave their calves but do they not return home at dusk? So you may go anywhere to shower blessings But do not forget us. We want you to stay in Shegaon permanently." Thus did Bankatlal Persuade Maharaj. So Maharaj returned

home To Shegaon along with Bankatlal. A few day's later on one fine morning, He left in the early hours of morning, and nobody knew it. Maharaj left Shegaon, As freely as morning breeze. He walked fast towards Adgaon. It was the month of Vaishakha the Sun was bright. Hot winds blew everywhere. Maharaj was walking all the time from the morning and was now nearing Akoli A village on the way to Adgaon. It was noon time, the sun was hot in the sky. Maharaj was thirsty. The heat parched his lips. But there was no water anywhere. Maharaj saw one farmer. His name was Bhaskar. He was working in a field. Farmer are great. They work hard, in the hot sun, and during the rains, and produce grains and feed the world. Bhaskar was labouring in the field. He had brought a pitcher of water and kept it under a bush. It was usual for a farmer. To take bhakar and a pitcher of water, And to work from morn to noon, and then to have his meal under the shade of a tree if any. And then after resting a while to work again till dusk. Maharaj saw Bhaskar And his water pot under a bush. Maharaj asked him for water to drink, for was it not the kindest thing in the world to offer cool drinking water to a thirsty man? The rich spend money and make arrangements for cool drinking water on the roadside. And thus gain merit, for a better life in the next world. Maharaj begged Bhaskar for a little water to quench his thirst. Bhaskar did not give it, but said it to Maharaj, "What merit shall I gain by giving water to you, who are worthless and good for nothing? You are a naked beggar, and although you are Healthy and well-fed, you won't work. What benefit am I going to get by giving water to a lazy one like you? I have brought the pitcher All the way from home on my head and I won't Waste if over you. Don't you know that water is scarce in Akoli? You may get ghee but not water, if you ask for it. So, make yourself scarce, don't pester me, I shall be the last person to give you water. Lazy fellows like you do not deserve any sympathy." Maharaj simply smiled

when Bhaskar bombarded Him with these words. He simply turned away and proceeded towards something which looked like a well. Bhaskar shouted, "Oh you fool of a person, Why go there! The well is dry. You won't find water anywhere within a couple of miles around here." Maharaj said, "May be, as you say, the well is dry. But men, women and children Need water during these hot days, More so when they come to this fields. If I pray for them, God may help me." So saying, Maharaj Came near the well and looked into it, And then sat under a tree with eyes closed. "Oh Narayana, Wamana, Pradyumana, Raghava, Oh Vitthala, Narahari," said Maharaj, "Water is scarce in this village. Children, women and men find it hard to live without water. They have to go a long way to bring a pitcherful of water. Oh Panduranga, you are great, you can work miracles. You saved the kittens When Gora Kumbhar baked the earthen pots. You saved Prahlad By emerging out of a pillar. You saved the cowherd boys by sheltering them under Govardhana. You saved Damaji and Chokha. For Namadeo, You made water available in the desert land of Rajasthan. Won't you, oh Narayana, Do something for the people here?" While Maharaj was still praying, Water gushed from the rocks and filled the well. There was a glow of happiness On Maharaj's face. God is great. Things impossible become possible. Maharaj quenched his thirst with fresh water. Bhaskar's surprise knew no bounds, for he knew it well that the well was totally dry for the last twelve years. How could this naked fakir fill it with cool water in a moment? Surely he no ordinary man. Bhaskar ran to him and fell prostrate before Maharaj. He cursed himself For having spoken harsh words for having insulted Maharaj. He praised Maharaj and solicited his favour. He repented. He besought Maharaj Not to leave him thereafter. Bhaskar said, "This maya is false. God alone is great and real. Would aharaj favour him?" Maharaj said to Bhaskar, "Oh Bhaskar, be calm and don't weep. I have filled the well for

you. You need not bring pitcher of Water on your weary head. What more do you want now? Cultivate an orchard." Bhaskar said, "Maharaj, Please do not allure me any more. I know for certain, that the well was dry for so many years. It is you who have dynamited it with your miraculous power. This is no ordinary water. It is the spring of your love. I shall raise here now the garden of devotion, I shall plant the trees of Righteous behavior in this soil of fine sentiments Good actions will blossom here. No more of barns and bullocks now!" Oh you, listeners, See what a tremendous change was brought about in Bhaskar by a few moments with Maharaj. That is why Tukaram says "Even particles of dust Attached to the feet of saint, would work miracles." The darshan of a real saint, Is a golden event in the life of a real sadhaka. When the people came to know of this event, they ran to the spot and had their fill of cool drinking water. They shouted in unison, "Victory to Gajanan Maharaj." "Victory to Gajanan Maharaj."

END OF CHAPTER FIVE

Chapter 6 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha

||Salutations to Ganesh ||

Oh Shri Hari, you are the most auspicious. All that is inauspicious vanishes instantly, when you shower your grace. This is what all the sages have been saying. So I beseech you, please shower your grace on me. Please let not sages be proved false. I am your child who knows nothing. Won't you remove all my shortcoming? Once Maharaj along with others went to an orchard, Where Bankatlal had grown maize. The party wanted to enjoy roasted corn. There was a well in the orchard, so deep and cool! There was a well in the orchard, so deep and cool! There was a cool shade of tall tamarind trees. Cow-dung cakes were brought and arrangement was made to roast the ears of corns. About ten such agatis were made. When fire was ignited, Clouds of smoke rose up. There were large honeycombs hanging up on the tamarind trees. The wild bees with fiery stings got disturbed. They attacked in thousands all those who were there. So, leaving all the ears of corn, every one except Maharaj, Fled away, covering their faces with coarse blankets, or dhotis or other garments. Every one wanted to save himself. For is there anything more precious to anyone than one's own life? But Maharaj did not stir. He was in a deep contemplation. What was he thinking about? He was saying to himself, "Have these wild bees any existence of their own? Are not they part and parcel Of the Universal Self? I am the bees, I am the large honeycomb, and I am the luscious ears of corn. I am the eater and the eaten." The bees covered Maharaj completely. Not an inch of the skin could be seen. Think of the innumerable stings Planted in the delicate skin of Maharaj! But Maharaj was all joy. A couple of hours passed. Bankatlal who had also run away was overwhelmed with sorrow. He blamed himself for having

brought Maharaj to the orchard. "What a terrible pain have I inflicted on Maharaj?" Said he. So saying, he returned to the orchard. He was the first one who dared to return. Maharaj was pleased with him. Bankat was only devotee who at last cared to save Maharaj from the deadly bees. Seeing him approach, Maharaj talked with the bees and asked them to get away and not to sting Bankat. So all the bees left Maharaj and went back to their combs. When everything was clear, Maharaj said to Bankat, "You have really given a good feast by offering this humble body to the wild bees. When those poisonous bees attacked me, all those devotees who love rich feasts Ran away from me. Oh, Bankat think of this. No one comes to your rescue when calamities befall. God is the only succour when you are helpless." Bankatlal was embarrassed. He thought to himself "Had I not brought him here to feast on the roasted corn, this painful event would not have occurred. Verily I am the most sinful person." He wept bitterly when he looked At Maharaj who had severe rashes All over his body. Bankatlal sent for a goldsmith who came with pincers for picking out the broken stings of the bees, Out of the delicate skin of Maharaj. Maharaj said to Bankat, "Oh Bankat, why do you worry? The bees did not harm me. Why, are they anyway different from me? Are not these all, froms of satchidananda? Can water harm water itself?" Bankatlal had no answer. He sat silently before Maharaj. The goldsmith came there with pincers and began to search for the broken stings. Nowhere could he find a trace of stings. After some time, Maharaj held up his breath And Meditated, and all the innumerable broken stings Popped out all over the body. Men who saw this strange happening were convinced that Maharaj was no ordinary saint. Once Maharaj went to Akot to see Narasinhaji whom he regarded as brother Narasinhaji a disciple of Kotashya Alli. Narasinhaji was a great devotee. He worshipped Vitthal. Akot is a place about 70 km. North-east of Shegaon. Narasinhaji stayed in a forest Very

near Akot. This was a deep forest of neem, peepal and anjani trees. There were thickets of many creepers often frequented by snake and oOther reptiles. Narasinhaji always preferred Silence of a deep forest. When Maharaj went to see him, Narasinhaji was pleased. It was almost a meeting of Hari and Hara. Or of Vasishtha and Parashara. Or rather of Kohinoor and Kaustubha. Or of Eagle and Hanuman. Both the saints embraced each other and sat together for a heart to heart talk. Maharaj said to Narasinhaji, "You have done well, you have a life of a householder. I have abandoned that life and I followed yoga. When I gain some powers it is very difficult for me to hide them. I have to assume the grab of a mad man. The scriptures say that there are three ways Karma, Bhakti and Yoga, although they all lead to the same goal. Outwardly these ways appear different. If a yogi would take pride in his yogakriya how will he know the Truth? Yogi must remain Unattached to the yogakriya. Similarly, one who is a householder must remain unattached to his wife and children. A flint is in the bed of a river. But it is impervious. Water does not enter it. One must remain in this world perfectly unattached and one must remember God Who is Sat Chit and Ananda. With this conscience, what difference would be there in you, me and God? Are not they one and the same?" Narasinha Baba was pleased with his brother Maharaj And said, "Oh brother, you have done me a great favour. What you say is true. This world of duality is uncertain and Evanescence like a mid-day shadow. Who can treat it as real? What you say is true. I shall abide by your advice. I wish we meet each other as often. Am I not your younger brother? I am here in Akot Waiting for you even as Bharata in Nandigram. It is not very difficult for you to come and see me anytime as you have the yogic powers. A yogi can run on water without getting his feet wet. A yogi can really go round the world within the blink of an eye." So both the sadhus spent the night talking heart to heart, such in the case

when true sadhus meet. But when two hypocrites meet Only angry words are hurled At each other with spiteful hatred. The hypocrites are crazy for money. Never seek their favour, they are bound to sink you down Even as a broken boat. A hypocrite may have a band of followers to make a loud propaganda. But be careful and avoid such hypocrites. All that glitters is not gold. Do not go after a big organization. Do not go after the bookish learning. The real greatness of a sage lies in his experience of the Truth. When people came to know That Gajanan Maharaj was In Akot to see Narasinha Baba, They all hurried to the forest with coconuts in their hands. They said to each other, "Make haste. Let us go and See this holy duet. This is verily the meeting of Ganga and Goda In this forest of Akot. Let us go to this Prayaga. And have a dip in the Holy confluence." But Gajanan Maharaj Was gone ere the people could reach the place. Once again Gajanan Maharaj Left Shegaon and came to Shivar a small place in Taluq Daryapur. Brajabhushan, a devotee of the Sun God, Lived there. He was an erudite person who lived on the banks of Chandrabhaga a small tributary Of Payoshni of Purna. Brajabhushan bathed early in the morning and worshipped the Sun. Maharaj wanted to favour him. Maharaj came and sat in the sands Of Chandrabhaga. Early in the morning When the sky went crimson And cocks crew And chataka and bharadwaj f Flew towards the east To pay respects to the Sun, In that auspicious morning Maharaj sat steady in the sand And his disciples sat around him Even as the rays of the Sun. Brajabhushan took a dip into the river And offered oblations to the Sun. Brajabhushan, when he glanced at Maharaj, As resplendent as the Sun, He came towards him, And offered oblations to him And washed his feet And went round him, Repeating the various names of the Sun. Brajabhushan was convinced That Maharaj had come there To bless him, and that he Was none else than the Sun. He eulogized him and fell at his feet with deep reverence. Maharaj placed his

hand on him and blessed him and said, "Oh Brajabhushan, carry on your worship, do not give up your path of Karma, But do not get attached. If you will not aspire for the fruits of actions, Krishna, the Blue One, will come and meet you. Go home now. I shall meet you always whenever you would think of me." So saying, Maharaj gave him a piece of coconut and bade him go home. Maharaj returned to Shegaon which was the same of Shivagaon. In the days gone by, there were seventeen Patils the village headmen. Maharaj often went away to visit place Akot, Akola or Malkapur or any such place. Once, in the month of Shravan. There was the annual festival in the temple of Hanuman. The Patils were great devotees Of Hanuman. The festival used to last for a month. There used to be abhishek, the reading of scriptures, Kirtans and bhajans and distribution of food to One and all. Khandu Patil was the chief figure in this festival of Hanuman. So Maharaj came to see the Hanuman festival. He told Bankatlal that he would stay in the temple and that Bankatlal should not mind. The mendicants and sanyasins should not stay with householders for long. So Maharaj said that He would visit Bankatlal only when invited. All the great sages Shankaracharya, Macchindra, Jalandhara all of them stayed Away from householders and under trees in forest. Ramadas, the revered guru of Shivaji, the founder of the Maratha Empire Did not stay in a palace with Shivaji. Ramadas preferred to stay In Sajjangarh. So at last, Bankatlal Agreed and allowed Maharaj to stay in the temple. Bhaskar Patil was very happy to receive Maharaj in the temple. Bhaskar stayed with Maharaj and served him faithfully. Let this composition of Dasaganu Shows the right path to the devotees.

END OF CHAPTER SIX

Chapter 7 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha

||Salutations to Ganesh ||

And Raghao Ram be victorious. With the grace of Ram the monkeys could crush Ravan And his golden Lanka. Oh Ram, Your grace will always make me victorious. When I look to myself, I find that I am very miserable. I do not have intelligence. I do not have devotion. I do not have faith. How can such a doubting sinner Get you grace? But in know that you love sinners too and liberate them. This has been recorded in a number of Puranas. If you liberate the victuous, it is no miracle, but he is great who liberates the sinful. So please do not hesitate. This humble Dasa Ganu Beseeches Thee. Be merciful to him. Khanderao patil was the chief organizer of the Hanuman festival. The worship of Ganesh was prevalent in his line. He was rich and had enough gold and grains. His ancestors were virtuous and served the sages and sadhus. The ancestors were fortunate enough to get the rights of revenue collection. Mahadaji Patil had two sons. The elder was Kadtaji. The younger was Kukaji. The elder had six sons, the younger had none. In course of time, Kadtaji became the village headman. When he died, Kukaji looked after His six newphews, and brought them up as if they were his own sons. The family prospered in the lifetime of Kukaji. Khandu became the head of the family After Kukaji's death. Khandu was all powerful. His five brothers Ganpati, Narayan and Maruti, Hari and Krishna were all athletes and wrestlers too. All those brothers harassed others. The festival was in the name of Hanuman. But the Patil brothers enjoyed themselves and used to have a lot of fun. The people used to sing glories Not of Hanuman but of the Patils. Once the Patil brothers Came to the temple and teased Maharaj. Some one would say "Oh you Ganya, won't you eat Kanya?" Other brother would step forward

and would ask Maharaj to have a wrestling bout with him. He teased him thus, "Oh you great yogeshwar, Why don't you wrestle with me? Shows us your prowess, Or else we shall knead you well." Maharaj used to hear all what they said And used to laugh it away. The things went on this way. Tried of this, One day, Bhaskar Patil Came to Maharaj and requested him to accompany him to Akoli. Maharaj said to Bhaskar, "Oh Bhaskar, have patience. The Patils are not humble and refined in manners, yet I love them. As they have been born in this line of the Patils, Who had been my devotees, they are jameendars and it behoves them to be Sharp and pungent with their tongues. Can a tiger show the temperament of a cow? Can the steel of a sword be as soft as butter? Or rather, can fire be as cold as ice? This rudeness of the Patils will vanish after a time, Even as the muddy water of a stream becomes crystal clear as the rains recede. One day Hari Patil came into the Hanuman temple and threw a ganutlet at Maharaj. He coaxed him to come to the gymnasium to wrestle with him. He said to Maharaj, "Don't sit here and sing your usual song "Gana Gana Ganat Botey" Come and have a trial of strength with me. If you make me Fall flat, I shall give you a big prize." Maharaj agreed and both went to the dug out square in the gymnasium. Maharaj crouched on the ground and Hari tried to turn him So as to make him fall flat. But all his efforts were in vain. Hari tried his best and with all his might He could not budge Maharaj from his position. Beads of perspiration Appeared on his forehead and began to trickle down from his shining muscular body. All his wrestling skill was of no avail. Hari said unto himself, "Verily this man is as heavy as a mountain He looks thin and supple, but has the strength of an elephant. Take heed of a jackal, or a tiger of an ordinary cur? Whatever it be, now I must bow down before him. Never before did I bow down to any one." Maharaj simply smiled and asked Hari to give him his prize. Maharaj said to Hari, "Wrestling is a good sport. Krishna and

Balaram Indulged in it, when they were young. Did not Krishna and Balaram Killed Mushtik and Chanur, Who were bodyguards of Kans? Health and Physique rank first, then one's home and then come money and respect. Was not Krishna, the Patil of Brindavan? Did not he train all the cowherd boys and made them strong wrestlers? You should also follow him, and make the local boys strong. If you do this, I shall feel rewarded." In this way Maharaj Humbled Hari. Hari said to Maharaj, "Surely these boys shall become healthy and strong, if you will so wish." From that day onwards Hari became docile. And he ceased to harass not only Maharaj, but all others. Hari's brothers noticed this change In Hari's attitude and Said they to him, "Hari why have you become So much afraid of that pseudo yogi? We are sons of Patil, and collectors of village revenue. Why do you prostrate before that naked fakir Greatness has been thrust upon him. He is a mad man. We must show him his place and alert the simple people. If we won't do this, who else will? How can we tolerate the hypocrites robbing the people of the town? Is it not our duty to caution all the men? Gold is not accepted unless tested on a touchstone. The episode of sugarcane was the crucial point in Tukaram's life which manifested saintliness in him. Jnyaneshwar was acclaimed as a saint, only when he made the buffalo recite the Holy Scriptures. Let us now test this naked mad." So saying, they entered the temple with a bundle of sugarcane. Hari did not say anything. Others said, "Oh idiot, do you want sugarcane? We shall give you; But on the condition that we shall thrash you with these cane. Let no mark appear on your body. Then only we shall accept you as a yogi." Maharaj was silent as usual. Why should he say anything at the childish prattle? Maruti said, "He is afraid of the beating; that is why he is silent." Ganpati said, "Don't you know that silence is a half consent?" The others three appreciated this and came forward to beat Maharaj. When men and

women who were in the temple saw this, they ran helter-skelter. Bhaskar did not run. He tried to stop these brothers. He said unto them, "Please do not beat this god intoxicated man with sugarcane. We have been born in the live of the Patils. The Patil is one who protects, not one who kills. A good marksman shall aim his weapon at the tiger and not at a cockroach. Maruti set Lanka on fire, He did not set ablaze the huts of the poor." The other brothers, hearing this, asked him to keep quiet. Said they, "People call him yoga-yogeshwara we want to see whether He is a real yogi. Please do not join us if you wish so, but see the fun. So saying, all of them attacked Maharaj with sugarcane, hard and thick. They beat him as a farmer would beat the sheaves of wheat, in the late winter. Maharaj was all happiness. He looked at the boys and smiled. In spite of such a severe beating there was no perforation on his back. Seeing this, the brothers were surprised they sank down and lay prostrate before him saying "Really, you are a yogi, you are a yogeshwar." Maharaj said unto them, "My boys, you have laboured hard. You are tired. Let me give you some juice. So saying, Maharaj took canes and squeezed them dry with his own hands and collected the juice for the boys to drink. All the canes in the bundle were exhausted. There was enough juice for all of them to drink. This was a yogic feat. Maharaj wanted to bring home To the Patil brothers that yogic strength is better than physical strength. The boys went home and told Khandu Patil the yogic feat exhibited by Maharaj. So Khandu Patil came to have darshan of Maharaj. As was the practice with Patils, He was often curt in addressing Maharaj. He used to call him "Ganya" When a child calls its mothers, or when a mother speaks with her child. No Honorific terms are used. So also when the village headman addresses anyone in the village, He also does not use any honorific terms. Although Khandu Patil Was curt in addressing Maharaj He loved him still. Once Kukaji said to Khandu, 'Khandu, you often visit Maharaj, And say that he

is a realized soul. Why do you observe silence in his presence? You have grown old and you have no issues. I wish to see my grandson play in my lap. Why don't you ask Maharaj to bless you with a son? If he is really a great yogi, He will fulfil your desire, And my desire also will be fulfilled thereby." Khandu, then, at once went To the Hanuman temple where Maharaj stayed, and supplicated to Maharaj In the following words, "Oh, Ganya, my uncle is old and desires to see a grandchild Play in his lap. People call you a sadhu, and one who fulfils. Why should one whose Head bows down before you daily should suffer the pangs of childlessness." Maharaj simply smiled, and said, "It is good that you have wished something from me. You have enough wealth, you believe in your own efforts. Why then, you ask me to favour you? You say, wealth and strength are enough to conquer the world. Why then can't you achieve this desire? You have a large property. You are owners of shops and mills. None disobeys you and everyone In Vidarbha honours your word. Why not ask Brahma to bless you with a son? Khandu said, "It is true that Crops grow when it rains. But can man with his own efforts Cause rain? In that case how do famines occur and the parched land cracks? So man's efforts can produce corn only when god will cause rains." Maharaj smiled and said, "Now that you beg me a son, I must do something. If you beget a son, name him Bhikya. Surely I shall pray God, to bless you with a son. I know, God will listen. You just do one thing, Throw a feast to the Brahmins. Let Mango juice be served. I know from within that you will be blessed with a son. But continue to feed the Brahmins Mango juice every year." Khandu returned home and told Kukaji everything. In a few days Gangubai, Wife of Khanduju conceived. Khandu Patil was all joy. Kukaji also was very happy. They distributed wheat and jaggery and sweets to all children in the town. A son was born and was named Bhikya. Khandu celebrated Cradle-ceremony of the child. He threw feasts to the Brahmins

and served sweet juice of mangoes. The practice is carried on by his successors even this day. There subsisted rivalry Between the Patils and the Deshmukhs. This is a scourge of many villages in Vidarbha They try to outwit each other. It is not true that two shastris or mantris or two armed men or two specialists Or two dogs, Do not confront each other without growling? The rivalry between the Patils and the Deshmukhs was ever irreconcilable. Later on Kukaji passed away. Khandu Patil was all sorrow. He felt forlorn. Seeing Khandu steeped in sorrow, The Deshmukhs tried to implicate him. I shall narrate that story in the next chapter. Be attentive and listen.

END OF CHAPTER SEVEN

Chapter 8 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha

||Salutations to Ganesh ||

Oh vasudev, son of Devaki, The destroyer of the danavas, Oh, Shrihari, bless me. I know, I am incapable of winning you over with devotion. Nor can I Follow the path of Karma. All the scriptures which eulogies you Are in Sanskrit. How can I, who does not know Sanskrit and who is a dunce, know your true nature? How would a toad Suck honey from a lotus? Nor can I gain your favour, by giving food to the poor, for rich I am not. But it is your grace that I am poor. Nor can I gain merit by visiting pilgrim's places. My limbs are not strong to travel and my eyes are failing me. But I know your grace is there and I shall enjoy it day and night. Does anyone pay the clouds for watering the lands? If the clouds shower. Wells and tanks would overflow. Water will gush through rocks. Dasaganu is ever hankering for your grace. Won't you bless him? Dasaganu does not aspire for anything more. A drop of nectar is enough to destroy deadly diseases. So, as said earlier, there was rivalry Between the Deshmukhs and the Patils. Rivalry is a destroyer of happiness and harmony. Rivalry is like a tubercular growth and it will ruin a community. One servant of Deshmukh, Who was duty bound to carry the village dak, refused to do so Marya was his name, and he insulted Khandu Patil. Khandu Patil was all fire He asked Marya to behave himself. But Marya was arrogant. Khandu Patil struck him with a stick. Marya fell down and broke his bone. He was taken to the Deshmukh, Who was happy over this event. The Deshmukh went to town and lodged a complaint. The officer ordered arrest of Khandu Patil. Khandu Patil felt humiliated. His brothers went to Akola, to seek the favour of officers. But that night, Khandu went to Maharaj, and prayed to him for favour. He narrated the incident To

Maharaj, and said, "I prefer death to disgrace. I would prefer to get killed at your hands rather than get handcuffed by the police." For a man of self respect, the tarnishing of reputation is unbearable. Maharaj was moved. He embraced Khandu Patil and assured his safety. Maharaj said, "One who works in this world, often faces such grave situations. One should be firm the enmity between the Patils and the Deshmukhs Is no good. Remember that the enmity between The Kauravas and Pandavas Caused the Mahabharata war. But do not be afraid now. You will be exonerated." Thus will the grace of Maharaj Khandu Patil was exonerated. So all the brothers Became still more ardent Disciples of Maharaj. They entreated Maharaj To grace their home. Maharaj agreed and went to live with the Patils. One day some Brahmins Well versed in the Vedas came. But they were greedy and wanted money. They recited the Vedas. Maharaj was taking his nap. The Brahmins recitation was faulty Maharaj, at once got up and rebuked the Brahmins, for their faulty recitation. "Do not defiles the Vedas With such faulty pronunciation. Be true to your reputation and honour the shawls which you are wearing." Said Maharaj, Maharaj then recited the riks and asked the Brahmins to repeat after him. Maharaj resembled the sage Vasistha. All the Brahmins were wonderstruck, and they hung their faces in shame, how could they brandish their knowledge In face of the Sun? Maharaj was s super Brahmin. Was he not a jeevanmukta Or a Siddha, or a liberated soul abiding in a living body? Maharaj was as learned as Vamadeva. Maharaj caused Khandu Patil to pay the Brahmins a rupee each. All the Brahmins were pleased. They left the place joyfully. Maharaj was tired of living among men. Hypocrites love to stay among men and show their powers. But a real sage always hankers for a quietude. In the north of the village, Krishnaji Patil had his orchard. It was a quiet place under a deep shade of margosa trees, there was a temple of Shiva. Krishnaji was the youngest brother Of Khanduji Patil

Maharaj came to the orchard, and said to Krishnaji, "I have come here to stay for a few days, in the company of Bhagavan Shiva, Bhagavan Shiva, the consort of Gauri, Is the lord of all gods. He taken resort in your orchard. So I wish to stay here in the divine company." So Krishnaji erected a shed of galvanized iron sheets For Maharaj to stay. Eventually the place was sanctified when a king continues to stay in any town, it becomes the capital of the state. Maharaj stayed in the wayside orchard. Bhaskar Patil and Tukaram Kokate Used to attend on Maharaj. Krishnaji made arrangements for daily meals and used to partake of the prasad. Once, twenty traveling mendicants Came there and halted in the orchard. The mendicants had heard about Maharaj, but had no respect for him. They went to Krishnaji and said, "We are the travelers and have been visiting Gangotri, Jamnotri, Kedar, Hinglaj, Girnar and Dakor. We are taking Gangotri waters To Rameshwaram. Our great leader Swami Brahmagiri is with us. He is a great devotee. So, oh Krishna Patil, serve us well, we would like to have puri and halwa and ganja enough for three days." Krishna Patil told them to accept bhakarīs that day and promised to feed them with halwa and puri next day. He further Said that they would get, all the ganja in the orchard, As Shankar Bhagwan stayed there in a human form. So at midday, the sadhus Took bhakarīs and came to the orchard and had their meals sitting near the well. Barhmagiri their guru Began reciting the Geeta. Some men from the village also came and listened the divine song. Barhmagiri was a hypocrite. He elucidated the shloka "Nainam chhindanti shashtrani" The villagers did not think the narration convincing. They said so among themselves. They say the sadhu is wordy. There is no ring of truth in his explanation. After a while the villagers Came and sat before Maharaj, in the shed. The listeners said, we heard the narration, but here is a living person who will exemplify Geeta. The sadhus were offended. They smoked and ganja and Bhaskar

gave the chilim to Maharaj Maharaj was sitting on a wooden bedstead A live charcoal fell on the bedstead Nobody noticed it. But after a while the bedstead Caught fire. Bhaskar asked Maharaj, to step down from the bedstead. Maharaj did not heed. Bhaskar wanted to throw water on the bedstead. Maharaj forbade him. Maharaj then asked Brahmagiri to come and sit there with him. Had not Brahmagiri spoke, for an hour On "Nainam chhindanti shashtrani" Why was he afraid now of sitting on the hot and burning bed? Maharaj asked Bhaskar to bring Brahmagiri and make him sit on the bed. Bhaskar was a strong and stout man. He ran towards Brahmagiri and caught him by his strong arms. Maharaj was least perturbed He was sitting comfortably on the teak wood bed now in flames. In the days gone by, Prahlad was thrown into flames. Gajanan Maharaj re-enacted the event. But fire did not burn him. Brahmagiri was wonderstruck. He begged Bhaskar Not to put him forcibly on the bed. He admitted that he was a fake sadhu. He only relished puri and halwa. He repented for having treated Maharaj with contempt. He fell prostrate before Maharaj. Men were, by now, panicky. They prayed Maharaj to step down and the burning bedstead collapsed. Brahmagiri fell at the feet of Maharaj. All his pride was washed away. How would a thing remain unclean when washed by gangajal? Then during the course of night, Maharaj propounded the rules of sanyas Maharaj said, "Those who would besmear themselves with ashes should stay unattached. They should not give a discourse without experiencing the truth. There are pundits who are well at the words. But they know not the truth. Think of the glorious heritage Of Machchindra, Jalandhar, Of Gorakh, Gahini and Jnyaneshwar. They experienced the truth. And then expounded the same. The most revered Shankaracharya, Was verily the embodiment of the truth. Eknath led the life of a householder, But he experienced he truth. Samartha Ramdas led the life of a celibate He also experienced Brahman.

Remember them. Do not travel From place to place in search Of halwa and puri."Early in the morning, Brahmagiri left the place all alone. Let this proved helpful for all the devotees.

END OF CHAPTER EIGHT

Chapter 9 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha

||Salutations to Ganesh ||

Oh, lord of Rukmini, Resident on the bank of Chandrabhaga, Oh Vishnu, bestower of blessings on the virtuous. Oh the sanctifier of the unholy, Listen. The greatness of the great Depends upon the relative smallness of the small. If there were no unholy men, whom would the Lord sanctify? The miracle-stone converts iron into gold. That is why it is precious. Godavari would accept even a rivulet as her tributary. And so she is regarded as a holy river. So I beseech Thee, oh Lord, Succour this humble Dasaganu Once Govindbuwa Taklikar Arrived in Shegaon. He was a kirtankar Motey, the money lender, had reconstructed an old Shiva temple. So Govindbuwa came there to perform the kirtan. It is seldom that the rich Care to repair or build temples. They are generally attached to their goods and possessions. So, Govindbuwa came for kirtana. In those days, kirtankar had to travel From place to place, on a horse back. Govindbuwa had a naughty horse. It used to kick anyone with its hind legs. It used to bite severely with its sharp teeth. Govindbuwa came there and tied the horse in the temple courtyard with an ordinary rope, as the iron chains were left inadvertently at home in Takli. The horse could have broken the rope as it was so accustomed. So that day the horse remained Tied with worn away rope. After the kirtan Buwa went to bed. When the night advanced and darkness increased, an owl began to hoot and other birds also wailed bitterly. After a while, it was all calm. Maharaj came there possibly to set the naughty horse right. He came and slept below the belly of the horse. Maharaj was singing his usual song "Gani Gana Ganat Botey" Now what can this song mean? Can this mean that "Consider, O Mind That thou art to be counted as one with that Divine

self which encompasseth the whole of this universe?" Some say Maharaj used to recite "Gina Gina Ginata Botey" Whatever might be the meaning, Let us go ahead with the incident In connection with the naughty horse. Maharaj came at the dead of the night and slept in the space between the fore and hind limbs of the horse. All the time he was singing, "Gani Gana Ganat Botey" Maharaj was as if roping the horse with this mantram to make the horse docile. Govindbuwa had a light sleep. Often he used to get up and see whether the horse had run away. The motionlessness of the horse Baffled Govindbuwa. The beast was never so clam. Govindbuwa came and saw someone sleeping under the horse. He recognized Maharaj and the mystery was clear. How could the horse be turbulent In the presence of the peace giving Majaraj? Govindbuwa praised Maharaj for having cured such a bad horse of his noxious habits. Govindbuwa said, "The horse or ony of Kirtankara Should be docile should a shepherd rear a tiger? This horse was causing great anxiety to me all the time. None would even buy it from me. None would even accept itAs a free gift."Maharaj said to the horse,"Are you aware that you are Before Shiva? Give up all your Bad habits and be a good horse. Be as calm and quiet as an ox." Maharaj left the place.Next day Govindbuwa Rode to the orchard. All the men and women of Shegaon knew the naughty horse. They said to Govindbuwa, "Why have you brought this naughty horse here in the orchard? The horse will hurt Children and women, who are working in the orchard." Govindhbuwa smiled and said, "My horse is changed. Maharaj has blessed it. Look, I need not tie it. It will stand motionless under this tamarind tree." It did. There were green vegetables in the orchard. There was green grass. The horse stood where it was. So Govindbuwa came to the shed and recited a shloka"By your grace, even an evil person is changed. Even the wish-yielding stone is of no use when you are there. Oh Lord, place your hands on my head and bless

me."Govindbuwa went away with his horse which was now thoroughly docile. Everyday many people used to come To Shegaon. Each used to come with a certain motive. Once two persons from Balapur came. Earlier they had decided to bring ganja for Maharaj But while coming they had forgotten this inspite of tying knots on their garment Next time also they forget. So when they prostrated before Maharaj, Maharaj said, "See the way of the worldly people. They tie a knot to remember things and yet forget. Even high caste Brahmins also are forgetful. They do not Keep their word and fulfil their promise. Of all the persons, Brahmins should never be forgetful. They decide to offer something, and fail to do so. There should be unity in words and deeds. Men should be pure in heart then only, oh Bhaskar, the Blue one will favour them." The two persons heard this. They felt ashamed and were surprised to know That Maharaj knew their intention. They thought of leaving the place and getting some ganja from somewhere. Maharaj said, "Please now don't leave the place just now. I do not hanker after ganja what I wanted was that you should be true to yourselves. God only blesses those who are sincere and true in their words and deeds. Now go. Your problem will be solved. Next week you should Visit this place, five times. Here stays Shankar, The consort of Mrudani. It is his favour that made Kuber the lord of wealth. Go and bow before Him and do not forget to bring ganja." So those two men bowed before Shankar and returned to Balapur. Next week their problem was solved, and they returned with the Offering of ganja. Here is another story Of Balkrishna, a devotee of Ramdas. His wife Putalabai was also a great devotee. They used to visit Sajjangarh every year and that, too, on foot. They used to hire one pony for carrying their baggage. And what was the baggage? A patched up rug, a walking stick and the "Dasabodha, The book of advice by Ramadas Balkrishna was a simple soul. He was not puffed up with pride. On the way he used to ask for alms and cook the

food and offer it to Ram. He used to sing bhajans accompanied by the rhythm of cymbals and Putalabai used to beat the musical brass plates in unison. On the way, they used to visit Sajjangarh Khamgaon, Mehekar, and Deolgaon Raja. They used to pay their respects to the shrine of Anandiswami at Jalna, and used to stay for three days at Jamb the birth place of Samarth Thence, they used to proceed to Divra. And after worshipping the river Godavari used to proceed to Bhir and To Ambejogai. On the way they used to visit the shrines of Baleshwara at Mohori and of Kalyan at Domgaon. They used to visit Narsingpur and Pandharpur and Shinganapur. As also Wai and Satara. They used to reach Sajangrah on the 9th day of the dark fortnight of magha. They used to feed the Brahmins to the extent possible. Balkrishna was a real Ramadasi. Now a days such Ramadasis are rare. Balkrishna used to return at the end of three days. In this way he used to visit every year. Now he was sixty. On the 12th day of the dark fortnight of magha Balkrishna sat near the samadhi of Samarth, with tearful eyes. He besought Samarth, "I shall not be able to come over here, hereafter on foot or even by taking resort to a vehicle. Oh Mother, you know. This body is failing me now." Having prayed thus he went to bed. In the early morning Balkrishna had a pleasant dream. He saw Samarth before him. Samarth assured him, and told him that he need not visit Sajjangarh thereafter. That Samarth would come on the next occasion on the said ninth day at Balapur. He asked Balkrishna to celebrate the festival there. Balkrishna was overjoyed. He returned home with his wife. Next year Balkrishna commenced the celebrations at his residence on the first day of Magh. Dasagodha was being read, Kirtans were being sung during night Brahmins were being fed at noon. Aratrikam were being said in the evening. The residents of Balapur contributed liberally for the festival. On the ninth day, while the image of Ram was being anointed, Gajanan Maharaj appeared in the door

of Balkrishna. All the men were surprised. Balkrishna was very happy when he heard that Maharaj had come. Balkrishna said to himself, "I am expecting Samartha. He had promised me to come. On the ninth day." As he was musing thus, Maharaj sang Lord Ram retransformed Ahilya into human form who was lying as a stone, with the divine touch of His holy feet, and made her a heavenly soul. Ahilya shila Raghava mukta keli Padi lagata divya hovoni geli Hearing the resonant words Balkrishna ran towards the doors and saw Maharaj in his glory. As he bowed down, he saw that he was standing before Samartha Ramdas with his usual stick in one hand, with his long matted hair rolling on his sturdy back. There was a triple ash mark on the forehead, the lion cloth had the usual Hirnuji colour. Seeing him on his door steps, Balkrishna's joy knew no bounds. Tears of joy rolled down his eyes. In a moment the form of Ramadas would disappear, And Gajanan Maharaj Would appear instead. The forms of these two great saints Appeared and disappeared intermittently, as if on the screen of a cinema house. Balkrishna was dumbfounded. Then spake Gajanan Maharaj, "Oh Balkrishna, do not be astonished. I am Samartha, your cherished diety Of Sajjanganrh. I had promised you that I shall come here on the ninth day of Magh. So I have come. Now a days I stay in Shegaon. How is it that you forget the soul and remember the outer body? Have you not read in the Gita, That just as people Throw away the worn-out garments and take on the new ones, similarly the soul casts away the worn out body and assumes a fresh one." Come on, give me a seat." So saying, Maharaj Followed Balkrishna in the house and sat on a large wooden seat. When people from Balapur Heard that Gajanan Maharaj Was in Balapur, They ran towards Balkrishna's house. Balkrishna, however, could not decide whether he was honouring Gajanan Maharaj or Samartha The sun set on the horizon and night advanced and everyone was asleep. Balkrishna again witnessed a dream. Samartha was telling

him. That Gajanan was his recent form Residing in Shegaon of Vidarbha. Samartha advised him to Worship Gajanan in the usual way. Balkrishna woke up in the dead of the night and fell at the feet of Maharaj. Said he to Maharaj, "The Maharaj is fulfilled the ninth day celebrations Are accomplished in the same way I desired. Now bless this humble soul and stay here for a few days." Maharaj said that he would return to Balapur After a few days. And saying this Maharaj had his food and went to Shegaon, and reached Shegaon in a moment. Nobody saw him on the way. Let this book written by Dasaganu Bless the devotees.

END OF CHAPTER NINE

Chapter 10 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha

||Salutations to Ganesh ||

Oh, the formless and the unchangeable, the king of Phandhari the full of Brahman, You are the resort of the virtuous. Please do not push me away. I know that I do not deserve mercy. Yet, should you not accept me? Does not holy river Godavari. Accept any rivulet and make it holy? In the same way, Kindly accept me and burn All the dross within me. Once Maharaj went to Amravati And stayed with Atmaram Bhikaji A government officer in the district. He received Maharaj honourably, Arranged for his ceremonious bath and offered him the usual worship He gave Maharaj a dhoti with a broad red border, to wear and applied sandal paste Mixed with saffron on his forehead. Every one in Amravati Wished that Maharaj should visit him. But how could these wishes be fulfilled? Those, who were virtuous and meritorious, Alone could succeed in taking Maharaj To their homes Ganesh Shrikrishna Khaparde A reputed lawyer and a close associate of Tilak Invited Maharaj to his home. Khaparde was a religious person. He was fabulously rich also. Khaparde honoured Maharaj and worshipped him like a deity. There was one Ganesh Appa, a lingayat wani. His wife Chandrabai asked her husband to persuade Maharaj to visit them. Ganesh Appa was not sure That Maharaj would visit him He thought that he was not as rich as Khaparde, and so Maharaj won't Visit him even if solicited. Chandrabai, however, thought that as they were honest and truthful, Maharaj would perhaps condescend to visit them. She insisted that her Husband Would request Maharaj to come to their home. Ganesh Appa could not muster courage. At last, Maharaj of his own Asked Ganesh Appa how far his home was. Ganesh Appa was pleased. He took Maharaj with him at his residence, and both, husband wife, Worshipped Maharaj. When Maharaj was worshipped on all such occasions, one person was ever present. He was Balabhau, The nephew of Atmaram Bhikaji. He was working in the telegraph department. He came to Amravati from Bombay to see his maternal uncle. Balabhau was overwhelmed when he saw Maharaj. He would not leave

Maharaj now. "Why should I get myself involved in the wordly affairs?" said he, "Who would leave nectar and drink poison?" So Balabhau was present, whenever Maharaj was worshipped. After a few days Maharaj returned to Shegaon. This time he did not go to the orchard, but stayed in a place east of the temple, built by Motey. Krishna Patil heard this, and came to Maharaj, Bowed before him And motioness, shedding tears. Maharaj said to Patil, "Why do you weep?" Krishna Patil said, "Why should you leave my orchard? What wrong did I commit? Am I not your child? This new place is not good for you. Come, I shall vacate my own home for you to stay in. If you do not want to stay in my orchard, I do not regard anything more precious than you." While he was entreating Maharaj Krishna's brothers and other relatives Came over there and Requested Maharaj to leave that place. Maharaj said unto them, "I have purposely come over here. You will know about this in course of time. Do not say anything now. Very few think in this world in a right way. Call Bankatlal and ask him. He was not annoyed when I left him! Why should you take it ill? My good wishes and blessings are always with you. Rest assured" Bankatlal came. He told Krishna Patil Not to persuade Maharaj to return to the orchard. "What did I do when he left my home? We are all his children. He loves us all. Sakharam Asolkar, The owner of this land, is a righteous man. He will surely surrender this land to build a hut for Maharaj to make Maharaj comfortable there." So the land was released, and all the devotees Built up a structure for a math. Maharaj to stay independently. Prasaram Saoji worked particularly hard to raise the math Bhaskar, Balabhau Pitambar, And Ganesh Appa from Amravati, These four stout devotees Stayed with Maharaj constantly. And Ramachandra Gurao Also stayed. Maharaj resembled Shrihari Surrounded by the five Pandavas. Balabhau was getting detached. He did not careFor the government service. Letters were received from his home, praying him to return. But he had no mindTo return to his home and to his job. Bhaskar said to Maharaj, "Balabhau stays here only to eat sweetmeats. That is why he does not think of leaving this place. Unless you give him a good thrashing, He won't return home. A monkey can be chastised with a stick, and does not even a mountain Fear Indra's Vajra?" They thus once drove away Balabhau. But he returned after tendering his

resignation. When Balabhau returned to Shegaon Bhaskar was annoyed and he spoke harsh words To Balabhau "A bull often returns to a green meadow so you come here for sweets don't you? You are like a dog. You will come back Even when driven ten times. Only those who are sincere and have no attachment for the world should come and stay here." Maharaj knew Bhaskar was puffed up with pride that is why he was rebuking Balabhau. Maharaj seized an umbrella from a person who was standing by and began to thrash Balabhau. Maharaj was striking so severely, that the umbrella gave way. Then Maharaj took a big stick and began to beat Balabhau again. Maharaj was striking so severely, Persons who were there Ran away for safety. Balabhau did not budge. He patiently received the beating. He fell down. That stick also gave way. So Maharaj trampled on him Even as a potter would knead the clay. People around were afraid. They thought that Balabhau would die. Bhaskar stood aghast, they ran to Bankatlal and Krishnaji. Both came but did not dare Stop Maharaj. At last Bankatlal said, "Maharaj, Balabhau is your devotee. Have mercy on him and please stop trampling him." Maharaj simply smiled, and bade Balabhau to show his back. There was no sign of any beating. Balabhau was in a blissful state. Now Bhaskar knew That Balabhau was no ordinary devotee. Thereafter Bhaskar did not pass any remark On Balabhau and held Balabhau in high esteem. Here was Balabhau, a piece of gold, Tested on a touchstone. There was one Suklal Agarwal in Balapur. He owned a cow. It was very dangerous. It used to injure Men women and children by dashing towards them and by hurling them away with its horns. It used to break into the shops and used to eat away grains and vegetables. And used to spill Ghee or oil from the tins in the shops. Suklal could not tie it down as it used to break away the rope and the chain. It won't bear and would give no milk. Men advised Suklal to sell it away Even to a butcher or to kill it with a rifle shot. One Pathan once tried to shoot, but the cow attacked him and was mortally injured. Suklal had taken it away to a distant place but it returned to Balapur In no time. People advised Suklal to take the cow to Shegaon Where Maharaj make it docile as the horse of Govindbuwa Was made earlier. It was a problem to hold the cow and lead it to Shegaon. They allured it with cotton seeds the palatable food. The cow was trapped and

chained with big iron chains. They put the cow on a cart and took the cart to Shegaon. As they neared Shegaon the cow gradually became docile. When they reached Maharaj Tears were oozing from the cow's eyes. Maharaj rebuked the men for torturing the cow. Maharaj said that they had accorded the treatment due to a tiger to the kindly cow. A cow is verily the mother of the universe. "What an injustice you have inflicted in tying her with iron chains. Release the cow at once. It won't hurt anyone," Maharaj said so But none dared released the cow. Maharaj himself came forward and released the cow from the iron chains. The cow stood on its fours. And bending its fore limbs Knelt before Maharaj. It then rose and thrice did it go round Maharaj and then began to lick his feet. Everyone was wonderstruck. Maharaj addressed the cow thus, "Oh you fair lady, now do not trouble any one. Do not leave this place." Everyone shouted "Maharaj ki Jay" People from Balapur returned, leaving the cow in the math. Since that day it was not tied or tethered with a rope. It became the most domesticated animal It bore calves thereafter, and her progeny Still thrives in Shegaon upto this day. One Laxman Ghude from Karanja was a wealthy person. He suffered from some indescribable disease. Medicines were of no avail. He had heard about Maharaj and came, therefore, to Shegaon. He was so much incapacitated with the deadly disease that he had to be carried in a doli. He had no strength left Even for bowing down before Maharaj. His wife said to Maharaj, "I am your daughter, relieve my husband's sufferings, and Restore him to health. Why should he die, when I have surrendered myself to you?" Maharaj was eating a mango. He threw that half-eaten mango at that woman and told her to feed it to her dying husband. "You are a worthy wife and you deserve to be with your husband. Go." So saying, Maharaj smoked the chilim. Bhaskar told the woman to take away her husband home. "He would be all right" said he, "if he would eat that half eaten mango." The woman returned to Karanja. Her relatives asked her what did Maharaj do? She told the event and then fed the mango to her dying husband. The attending physician heard this, He was upset. He said that a ripe mango would worsen the disease, this was stated so, in Sushrut, This was stated in Madhavanidan, This was stated in Nighantu and Sharangdhar, and the physician said that the woman should have eaten the

mango, if it was a Prasad. That would have helped the patient. The relatives were all Very angry with the wife. The women felt embarrassed. But now the mango worked, the patient eased himself and his bloated belly became soft and supple. The patient's disease left him and strength returned to him. The science of medicine Helps to a certain extent. But when it fails, only the favour of saint is of any help. Laxman came to Shegaon and prayed to Maharaj to visit his home. Maharaj condescended. He came to Karanja. Shankar Bhau Pitambar Accompanied Maharaj. Laxman said to Maharaj, "All this is yours." And yet he offered Maharaj A few silver coins in a plate. Maharaj rebuked Laxman. Said Maharaj unto him, "You say that all things belong to me. Then why do you offer me a few coins? Give up this hypocrisy. You have give me your home. Now throw away all locks and keys Laxman sat silently. Maharaj insisted that Laxman would throw open the safe. With great hesitation, Laxman opened the safe, but sat on the pedestal of the room. Maharaj came to know of his hypocrisy. He left his home. Maharaj needed no wealth He just tested how true Laxman was. Laxman was not true to his words. So Maharaj left him. Maharaj said to himself, "I had come here to give him twice than what he had. He did not deserve. Let him reap the fruits of petty-mindedness." Maharaj's words came true. Within six months all wealth left Laxman. He became the poorest of the poor. So listeners remember this in lifer spiritual Hypocrisy is no good. One should be sincere. Maharaj caused this incident only to show the significance of this virtue. Gajanan Maharaj was a wish yielding gem. Can a pebble enhance its beauty? Does anyone use tin to embellish gold ornaments? Let this eulogy of Maharaj Be listened to by devotees for their own benefit

END OF CHAPTER TEN

Chapter 11 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha

||Salutations to Ganesh ||

Oh Pashupati in the form of Omkar, Oh Daxinamurti, the consort of Bhavani, All that which is great in the universe is your form. You are formless and yet you inhere in the entire universe. You are the substratum of avidya of maya. It is verily impossible to know you. That is so because you have Assumed forms. Everyone worships you the way he likes. By whatever name one may call you, you are the One and the same. The Saivaites regard you as Siva, the Vedantists regard you as Brahman, Ramanuja's disciples regard you as Sitapati, and you are Vishnu for the Vaishnavities. You are Somanath. You are Vishveshwar, You are Kedarnath In the icy land Of the Himalayas. You are the Mahakal On the banks of Kshipra You are Naganath, You are Vaijanath, and you are Ghrishneshwar at Verul. You are Tryambak On the banks of Godavari You are Bhimashankar, You are Malikarjuna, And Rameshwar, you are Shankar at Gokarna. You are Mahadeva at Shinganapur. I bow to you, in all your forms and pray to you to remove my threefold sufferings. Oh God, you made Kubera As a lord of wealth in no time. Oh, Consort of Girija, Why do you hesitate to shower your blessings on me. Next year, Maharaj Came to Balapur for the Dasanavami celebrations at Balabhau's Sukhlal and Balkrishna, Two devotees, resided Near Balapur. Bhaskar Patil, Balabhau, Pitambar, Ganu, Jagadeva and Dindodkar accompanied Maharaj. The celebrations went smoothly, but a calamity befell on Bhaskar. A rabid dog bit him. All the near and dear ones were perturbed. Someone sent for a doctor. Bhaskar however said, "Take me to Maharaj, He alone will save me." Bahaskar was brought before Maharaj. Balabhau told Maharaj what had happened. Maharaj smiled and said "Killing, enmity and debt will not

spare anyone. Suklal's cow was naughty. It was, however, cured in Shegaon. But the same vice seized a dog here. And the dog has bitten Bhaskar, Bhaskar had entreated me to cure the cow So that Bhaskar may milch the animal. And drink the milk. Bhaskar was happy to drink the milk. But now he does not want to bear the consequences "Oh Bhaskar, shall I really save you now? The dog-bites is a superficial cause, In fact, the term of your life is over. You must now depart from here. If you have really an urge to live, I may prolong your life, but that will be a temporary lease. Now tell me what is it that you wish?" Bhaskar said, "I am an ignorant fellow. I do not know anything. You are my mother, and a mother knows what is good for the child. So do as you would please?" Maharaj was pleased to hear this He knew that Bhaskar was telling the truth. Some one said to Maharaj, "Bhaskar is a great devotee. Kindly save him. Let not the bite prove fatal." Maharaj said to him, "Life and death are both illusions. None dies and none is born. One should give up attachment. And suffer one's lot. There are three types of Karmas Sanchita or accumulated karma, Prarabdha or the karma which has started bearing fruits, Kriyamana or the karma which is being done now. A Jiva has to put up with all these karmas. One cannot avoid them. Whatever one does in the past birth one has to bear its consequences in the present birth. And what new Actions one would do in this birth will fructify in the next birth. In this way, one has to undergo a number of cycles of births and deaths. This is Bhaskar's last birth. He has no balance left. He will be relieved of births and deaths. Now, therefore, don't insist on prolonging his life here. It is seldom that Devotees like him are born in this world. The dog which bit him was his enemy in the last birth. If Bhaskar now Harbours animosity against the dog He will have to be born again, to avenge the dog. With this bite the past enmity has ceased and all the knots of the post karmas have been severed. I can do one thing. I

shall keep Bhaskar Alive for a couple of months. He will not go rabid. If I do not do this, Bhaskar will be born again and will have a short life of two months." Balabhau was glad to hear this He shouted loudly. "Oh Bhaskar, you are great! You have been released from the cycle of births and deaths! You are really great. Your devotion has stood you well. Never will you be born again!" They returned to Shegaon. Bhaskar narrated the incident to the residents of Shegaon. Bhaskar entreated them to tend with care Maharaj, who was a gem. He wanted that a monument be erected in the name of Maharaj which would for all the time remind men and women the greatness that breathed there. Jnyaneshwar had sanctified Alandi. So did Samarath the Sajjan Garh. Tukoba did the same in respect of Dehu. In this way Bhaskar persuaded one and all to erect a big monument in the name of Maharaj. Once he called all the devotees in the math, and Maharaj did not know. All came. Bankatlal, Hari Patil, Maruti Chandrabhan, Shripatrao Vavikar and Tarachand, the money lender. Bhaskar told them all that he was with them for a couple of months. That he wanted a worthy memorial in Shegaon. If all would agree and would decide to have a memorial in the name of Maharaj, He would happily give up his body. The saints always condescend and fulfil devotees's desires. Service to a saint will not go in vain." Bhaskar's entreaties were heeded they all agreed to construct a memorial this made Bhaskar happy. He was always joyful thereafter. On the thirteenth of the dark fortnight of Magh, Maharaj asked Bhaskar to accompany him to Trymbakeshwar for Shivaratri celebrations. Said Maharaj to Bhaskar, "Shankar the Lord of Bhavani, Resides in Trymbakeshwar on the bank of Godavari. The jyotirlinga is efficacious and would destroy all sins. So make haste. We shall go and have a dip in Godavari the Ganga of the Deccan. Oh Bhaskar, there is one hill by name Brahmagiri. Medicinal herbs grow there. Gahininath stays on the hill Even now. He knows the properties of all the

medicinal herbs. Let us go and see him. He may give us an antidote for the dog-bite." Bhaskar said, "Oh Maharaj, what for Shall I take the medicine now? I know you have power Greater than that of any medicine. The ill effects of the bite Ceased while I was in Balapur I have now two months left of the lease of life. You are Tryambakeshwar to me. Godavari flows from your feet. I shall take a dip in the eternal flow of your blessings. I do not hanker for any other holy place." Maharaj simply smiled. He said "It's true as you say, but do not belittle the holy places. Come, let us go. Ask Balabhau and Pitambar to accompany us." All of them proceeded To Trymbakeshwar. They reached there on the auspicious day of Shivaratri. They took the holy bath At Kushavarta and had the darshan of Shankar. They went to Gangadwar and worshipped Gautami They bowed before Neelambika and Gahininath and Nivrittinath, then they went to Nasik to see Gopaldas, Gopalda, and Mahant of Panchvati in the temple of Kala Ram. There was a peepal tree In front of Ram Mandir. Maharaj sat there with his disciples on the par. Gopaldad Mahanta was very happy. He said to those near him, "My brother has come all the way from Vidarbha" He bade his disciples Worship Maharaj and offer him coconut and candy on his behalf. He asked his disciples to look upon Maharaj As they would look upon him. The disciple of Gopaldas Worshipped Maharaj as bade. Maharaj asked Bhaskar to distribute the coconut pieces and the sugar candy. Maharaj was happy to have seen his brother and now wanted to proceed to the city. Maharaj was eager to visit Dhumal who was a pleader. Maharaj spent a few days in Nasik and then Returned to Shegaon. Shamsing had been in Shegaon to take Maharaj to Adgaon. Maharaj said that he would come to Adgaon after Ram Navami celebrations. So Shamsingh returned and then came again During the Ram Navami celebrations. He accompanied Maharaj to Adgaon, For the Hanuman Jayanti celebrations. While in Adgaon Maharaj

knocked down Bhaskar In the dust and sat on his chest and Beat him hard. Balabhau prayed Maharaj to have mercy on Bhaskar As he was already beaten by the hot sun. Bhaskar, however, asked Balabhau Not to interfere. "Let Maharaj do whatever he likes." Said he to Balabhau,"He is my lord and my master. Let them say that Maharaj is beating me, But I am feeling tickled." Then Maharaj returned With Bhaskar to the place where they were lodged. Maharaj told Balabhau that only two days remained for passing away of Bhaskar. "Do you remember, Balabhau," said Maharaj "That Bhaskar caused me beat you once with an umbrella, till it broke. I had to beat him today to set him free from the bondage of that action that is why I beat him hard today." Hanuman Jayanti celebrations were over and the fifth day of the dark fortnight of Chaitra dawned. When the sun rose of the horizon, Maharaj asked Bhaskar to sit before him in a lotus posture facing the sun. He bade him Calm his mind and think of the almighty God. Maharaj asked others to sing Bhajans "Vitthal, Vitthal, Narayana." People garlanded Bhaskar and applied bukka on is forehead. The bhajan lasted for about Five hours and when it came to an end, Maharaj Uttered loudly, "Hara, Hara." The moment Maharaj Said so, the last breath Left Bhaskar dropping the body Like a rag. The devotees held the falling body, but his soul had already reached vaikuntha to enjoy the hospitality of Hari. The devotees asked Maharaj Where to cremate Bhaskar there was a temple of Dwarakeshwar. Maharaj told that Bhaskar be cremated Near that temple. So they made a vimana Out of plantain tree trunks and the cortage was taken to Dwarakeshwar. The next day the poor were fed there. The temple of Dwarakeshwar. Is a mile and a half From Adgaon? It is a fine shady spot with tall tamarind trees. There are other trees. Also, as neem peepal and mandar, amra, vata and audumbara. A few flower of plants also there. So Maharaj gave samadhi To Bhaskar at such a pleasant spot half way between Akoli and

Adgaon. Feeding of the people was done for full ten days. They used to sit in the cool shade of tamarind trees. But the crows were a nuisance. They used to carry away the dronas and sometime used to spoil the food by their droppings. The people were annoyed the bhills fixed sharpened arrows on their bows. Maharaj however stopped the bhills from using their arrows. The crows are not a fault," Said he, "They want Prasad from Bhaskar. Bhaskar has Reached Vainkuntha. Normally the soul lingers on for full ten days and then only departs from the mundane region they cannot leave this land unless the food is eaten by the crows. But Bhaskar has left this place without caring to see that the crows get their share that is why these crows are ravenous. So therefore, please do not kill the crows. I shall tell them, "to behave." So saying Maharaj Bade the crows not to cause nuisance from the next day. Those men who had faith In Maharaj were convinced that the crows won't come next day. But there were a few who did not believe. They thought that it was futile to request the crows in this fashions. The crows were after all crows, why would they leave the place if the food would be readily available there? They said that Maharaj was a hypocrite and his devotees inflate him and give him an honour which he did not deserve. Next day, those doubting fellows came there to verify whether the crows had really stopped frequenting the place. Lo, not a single crow turned up there next day. The feeding of the people was going on but not a single Crow came there thereafter. After fourteen days Maharaj returned to Shegaon. Those were the days of drought. They were digging a well in Shegaon. They dug about fifteen feet and they could not dig further without blasting the black rock they had to dynamite the rock. They bored four holes with a crowbar and filled the holes with gunpowder. The rope wicks were fixed. Through the ribs of castor oil plant. They ignited the wicks, but the fuse got blocked up. The water was oozing from the sides, the whole gunpowder and the

Dynamite would have gone waste. So the Mukadam Asked Ganu Jawre to get into the well and remove the block. None dared to enter the well. And Ganu Jawre was all fright. The mistry had a foul tongue and he roared at Ganu the poor fellow was a death-pale. How could he, who was poor and starving Disobey the Mukadam. Ganu had faith in Maharaj and remembering Maharaj from the core of his heart, He stepped into the well. He removed the first block and the fire on the wick Rushed to the dynamite. By the time he removed the second block the first dynamite blasted with a big bang. Clouds of smoke emerged from the well. Ganu was in the well. He piteously shouted for Maharaj and asked for protection. Before dynamite could blast, Ganu saw a kapar in the Wall of the well and he squeezed Himself there. All the remaining three Dynamites blasted one after the other. Now the mistry was death-pale Ganu must been blown to pieces', thought he, All men now rushed to the well. Ganu could not be seen. They thought that he must have been thrown up like other stones. And his body must have been shattered and dropped somewhere. Men began to search outside the well. When Ganu heard the mistry call, He responded from within. Said he, "I am alive and safe. Glory be to Gajanan Maharaj. The cutting in the side of the well, where I am hiding is blocked with a big stone. Please remove it soon." All those who were there were overjoyed. A few got down into the well and removed the big stone with crowbars to see Ganu Jawre alive. They pulled Ganu out and Ganu ran towards Maharaj. Maharaj was simply smiling "Oh Ganya, how many stones did you throw up? The big stone shut the kapar that is why you are alive Thank the big stone. The danger is averted today. Do not be reckless hereafter." Ganu said, "Oh my master, it is you who saved me, when all the four dynamites blasted in the hollow of the well." Dasaganu has no skill to describe the great glory of the mercy of

Gajanan Maharaj. Let this his scribbling Give pleasure and kindle devotion among the devotees.

END OF CHAPTER ELEVEN

Chapter 12 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha

|| Salutations to Ganesh ||

The lord of the ganas, who is of spotless glory. Oh Ganesh reside in my heart And crown my efforts with success. You are the bestower of knowledge and of intellect. You fulfil all the desires of a devotee. You alone can destroy obstacles you alone are the wish yielding gem. All the puranas sing your glory. Oh you son of Parvati, An elephant faced lord with a single tusk, you alone will remove all my worries. There was one Bachchulal Agarwal, A resident of Akola. He was a rich generous man. He once heard about the episode of Laxman of Karanja and wanted to verify the story. So while Bachchulal was thinking so, Maharaj came to him and sat in the verandah. Bachchulal was happy. He expressed his desire to worship Maharaj ceremoniously. Maharaj agreed. Bachchulal bathed Maharaj After anointing him. Then he gave him a golden laced Pitambar to wear, He offered a rich shawl Made of the wool from Kashmir, He gave Maharaj a turban, Laced with gold. He garlanded Maharaj with a Gold chain and put gold Barcelets on both his hands He made Maharaj put on gold rings Studded with diamonds on all the fingers. He made Maharaj put on Pouchi On his left hand and a gem-studded neck lace. Bachchulal offered sweets Viz. jilebi, raghaodas and pedhas a And pan (betel leaf) which Had all the thirteen ingredients. He anointed Maharaj with costly cosmetics and sprinkled rose water over him. He offered a heap of gold coins in a gold plate amounting to Rupees ten thousand. He approached Maharaj with a coconut in his hand, "Maharaj, I have a desire to erect A temple of Ram. Every year at the time of Ram Navami celebrations, a lot of inconvenience is there for want of enough accommodation. The verandah of my house is a small one, and a pandal also cannot

accommodate the crowd. Maharaj, you are my guru Fulfil my desire."Maharaj smiled at him benevolently and said "Janaki Jeevan Ram Will fulfil your desire, But what have you made of me? Am I a bullock to be bedecked with all these ornaments on the day of pola? Why do you give all this to me? You want to drag me In the mire of maya. Or do you want to show off your riches, Oh Bachchulal, Tell me why and for whom all this? I am a sanyasi I move about naked. What shall I do with all these things? Please take them back. You have to live in the world. You need money. My lord is standing there over the banks of Bheema. Can he not give me all this? So saying, Maharaj Scattered and threw all the ornaments And tore off the pitambar, And after taking a pair of pedhas, Left the place.The people in Akola, lamented at Maharaj's leaving the place. There were a few from Karanja. They said that our Laxman was really unfortunate. He worshipped Maharaj with the same grandeur as that of Bachchulal But unlike Bachchulal He had an attachment for money. And he spoke of renunciation only outwardly. Maharaj is wise enough to know this. The hypocrites worship deities with words they will offer a rotten peanut and will say that they are offering Sugar candy and other sweets. They hypocrites will get their dues as did Laxman get his. Bachchulal is really great. He is true in his words and deeds. Now he has been blessed by Maharaj. He will enjoy eternal happiness. And he won't lose his material wealth either. Bachchulal did not know Where Maharaj went so suddenly. He searched for him in the entire city of Akola But he could not trace him.There was one Pitambar, a devotee belonging to a Shimpi caste these are tailors by professions. He had served Maharaj with devotion Pitambar was poor and had not even enough clothing. Seeing him in rags Maharaj said to him once "Are, you are Pitambar, and you do not have enough cloth to cover your buttocks! They laugh at you. It is a good irony. A woman may be named as Sonubai and she would not have

any ornaments even Made of lead. A women may be named as Gangabai and she would have no water Even to quench her own thirst. Come on, take her own thirst. Come on, take this dupatta and cover yourself. Do not abandon it Even if they tease you." Pitambar wore the dupatta. Other person did not like this. Many a time, one devotee envies other. Maharaj had a number of devotees But very few had a real devotion. Some such so-called devotees Teased Pitambar. They said "Why are you wearing the dupatta Worthy of Maharaj? Don't you feel anything for Maharaj? By wearing the dupatta you have behaved in an unbecoming way. Leave this place, as you have Insulted Maharaj by wearing His clothes."Pitamber humbly said that he obeyed Maharaj, and only wore the dupatta as a bade. The devotees began to quarrel over this issue. Maharaj was pained. He called Pitambar and lovingly said to him, "Oh Pitambar, you are now Well settled in devotion. Leave this place of they want you to. When the child matures Mother would leave it to maintain itself. My blessings are with you. Go and wander on the earth." Tears gathered in Pitambar's eyes. However, he fell prostrate Before Maharaj and left the place He came to Kondoli, and passed a day and a night. In a mango grove the meditating all the time over his guru. There were ants where he was sitting. So he climbed up a tree, but the red and big Ants chased him there. He went up and down on several trees to avoid the ants, but could not find a safe place to sit for meditation. The cowherd boys were amused to see a grown up a person Climb up and down the trees like a monkey. He went up to the top of the tree catching small twigs and would not fall. The boys were surprised. One of them said, "A disciple of Gajanan Maharaj alone can do such a feat. Come on, let us go home and tell our parents. So the residents of Kondoli Came to the mango grove. Some said, "This man is behaving foolishly, only to catch our attention. A disciple of Gajanan Maharaj Will not behave in this fashion.Bhaskar Patil, who died

in Adgaon, Was a disciple of Gajanan Maharaj He was great and he did not Behave in this way. Why a disciple of Maharaj Would come to such a wayside place? Who would give up sweetmeats which one gets there? Let us ask him who he is." One man came forward and began to question Pitambar As to who he was and from where He came to Kondoli. Pitambar said, "I am shimpi by caste and I hail from Shegaon, My guru, Gajanan Maharaj Bade me move from place to place like a free breeze. I came here and there were Red ants here below, so I climbed up here." The men get annoyed. Said they, "Don't misuse the nameOf Gajanan Maharaj. He is great. His disciples do not behave foolishly like you. Will anyone believe a woman, who would say that she is a queen, but is searching for a job on daily wages?" One Shamrao Deshmukh, from that village, came forward and said to him angrily. "You are a cheat! Gajanan Maharaj is the great God! Do not belittle him by saying that he is your guru. Oh you fool of a person, Gajanan Maharaj once caused a mango tree to blossom and made the tree bear fruit, even when it was no spring time. The tree belongs to Baliram Patil and it has gone dry! Have you any power that will make this tree Green with foliage? If you can, then only we shall treat you as a disciple of the great saint, else be ready to get a good thrashing from us. We know that a disciple Can rise to the same heights as of his guru. So do not delay now, Make this dry tree green." Pitambar was terribly afraid now. He solicited them to listen to him. Said he, "I did not tell a lie, I am a disciple of Gajanan Maharaj! But don't you know that a pebble and a gem would be found in the same quarry. I am a trifle a pebble among the worthy disciples of Maharaj My unworthiness won't mar the glory of my guru. Why should I hide the fact that I am Gajanan Maharaj's disciple?" Shamrao said unto him, "Do not babble now! A guru always saves a disciple. A disciple when in difficulty Supplicates to his guru, and even if the disciple has no powers, Guru comes forward and Saves the disciple

miraculously." When Pitambar heard this, He did not know what to do. He at last closed his eyes, and with great devotion prayed. "Oh Maharaj, save me now. I Know I am powerless, But these men will belittle you! I do not want that your name should be spoiled on my account. Keep your word and Let this tree be covered with foliage. If you won't show evidence of your greatness, these men will kill me. Did not Narahari Revealed Himself in a pillar To save Prahlad Jani was to be killed on a spike, But God melted the spike To save Jani. God did these miracles. Saints also can do the same as both are identical. I know, I am insignificant But a flower is held on the bosom By dint of the thread. The thread is exalted because of the flower. You are the flower, I am the thread. You are musk I am a clod of earth, Contact with you made me fragrant. I am in troubles now on your account, come and save me. Let this dry tree be green with leaves." Pitambar said to the men, "Let us sing the glory of guru." Men chanted the name of Gajanan Maharaj, The bhajan lasted for a few moments, And lo! There were sprouts on the dry tree within a wink of an eye. Leaves covered the dead wood. People won't believe! They thought that they were in a dream. Some of them pinched themselves to shake off the dream. Some said that it is a najarbandi as when a magician Makes a rope trick, or makes a snake rustle Out of a leather cord, or makes pieces of earthen tiles Look like silver rupees. But this was not so. They plucked the leaves and out came the sticky juice. All of them again shouted, "Gajanan Maharaj ji ki jay." Now none dared doubt the discipleship of Pitambar. They bodily lifted him and carried him to the village with due fanfare. They thought that one day Gajanan Maharaj may visit them only if to see his ardent disciple. Samartha Ramadas had sent His disciple Kalyan to Domgaon to do well to the world, in the same way Gajanan Maharaj Has sent Pitambar to Kondoli. The mango tree is still there in Kondoli, It bears more fruit every year than any other tree. The residents

of Kondoli Honored Pitambar. Was he not a separated piece of a diamond? They built a math for Pitambar. Pitambar left his mortal body in Kondoli. Maharaj was in Shegaon, He was as if in a lost mood. The disciple asked Maharaj why he was not cheerful. Maharaj said, "Now that Krishna Patil is no more, who will give me the soft Areca nut treated with kath? He used to give me that type of nut daily! Ram, the son of Krishna Patil, is a kid, Ram has time to grow up and serve me. I think I should quit this place now." When the disciples heard this, they were afraid lest Maharaj Should leave them. So all of them came together, Shripat Rao, Bankatlal Tarachand Maruti and all. They entreated and all. They entreated Maharaj Not to leave them. They wanted Maharaj to choose any other spot in Shegaon. Maharaj said that there were feuds in the town and that he did not want to be a partisan. He wanted a place not owned by anyone in the town, Else he would prefer to quit the town. All the devotees were worried how could they find a place not owned by anyone of them? The devotees adored their guru. How would the Government do so and grant a piece of land to a religious saint? Bankatlal said to Maharaj, "This is not our own Government how the British would Grant a piece of land for Maharaj" Maharaj should accept any of the devotee's land." Maharaj said, "How do you talk? The land belongs to God. There had been kings and emperors in this world. It is true that they say that land belongs to the King. But in fact it belongs to Pandurang. Go, and try. Do not waste your time in idle talks here, Hari Patil will be successful." So all of them came to Hari Patil, They drafted an application and sent it to Mr. Curry, the Collector of the district Buldhana. The Collected granted an acre of land and said, "You have applied for two acres, but I Give you one acre for the present. If you would utilize it properly, I shall add an acre to it next year." This order can be verified even this day In the Record Office. So, see the power in the words of saints. So, then,

Haribhau and Bankatlal Set on collecting subscriptions. In no time a large sum was collected. God often fulfils the wishes of sages. Vithu Patil of Dongargaon, Laxman Patil of Wadegaon, Jagu Aba of Shegaon, Did not spare pains in collecting the funds. Here ends the 12th chapter Of Gajanan Vijay. May the reading benefit the devotees!

END OF CHAPTER TWELVE

Chapter 13 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha

|| Salutations to Ganesh ||

Oh, Shridhar, the bestower of boons on sages, Oh, the ocean of mercy, Oh, the dear one of gopas and gopis. Oh, Hari, dark as a tamalpatra! When Brahma wanted to test your divinity by carrying away cows and calves on the banks of the Yamuna, You revealed yourself to Brahma By becoming cows and calves. You trampled upon Kaliya and sent to him to Ramanika Island to make the gopas fearless. In the same way, you should now trample upon my misfortune and make me fearless. I am your ignorant devotee, though I do not deserve your favour, you just do not forget me. Cast your divine glance at me and free me from all the worries. Listen, Oh, you listeners — Bankat, Hari and Laxman, Vithu and Jagdeo, all went from door to door to collect funds. Those who had faith in Maharaj Promptly paid, but others derided them and said, "Why should Maharaj need money? Can he not creat it if he has Supernatural powers? You say t That Kubera is his cashier, Why not they cash a bill on Kubera's treasury? Why beg from door to door?"Jagdeo, among the devotees, sSimply smiled and replied to such stingy fellows, "We are begging for your benefits. Swami Gajanan does not need a math, All the three worlds are his abode, All the forests are his gardens, And the entire earth in his bedstead.Ashta siddhis are at his beck and call, Why should he care for your rupee? Can any one think of showing a lamp to the Sun He is effulgent, He needs no light? Every one desires prosperity, a meritorious act ensures this prosperity. Mind you, a medicine is needed to cure a disease, it has no power over life. A disease may seize the body, but life is eternal, Life has no birth and no death. So one must obtain merit to maintain one's prosperity, so earn merit and drive away petty thoughts. If

you will sow good deeds, they will return to you thousand-fold. If you sow a seed on a rock, it won't germinate properly and sprout. Bad deeds and bad thoughts Are the rocks and seed thrown there Rots and is eaten away by worms. There is no good act Equal to that of the service to a saint. Gajanan Maharaj is the Prince among saints. Anything given in the service of a saint will grow infinitely. If you will sow a grain, it will be returned to you thousand-fold the same thing holds good In respect of good deeds."With this reply, the questioners were set at rest. The men who collected funds were known for their integrity. So on the land, given by the collector, the work commenced. Stones were carried. And mortar was made. Maharaj was in the old math One day he thought the work was going slowly. Why not he stay on the site? So he jumped into a cart Carrying sand for the mortar. The person who was driving the cart was a low cast — mahar. He jumped below and told Maharaj that he won't Sit in the cart along with Maharaj Said he, "it is true that Maruti At last merged in Ram, yet he never sat near Ram, like a servant he stood before Ram with folded hands all the time." Maharaj could not persuade him to sit. Maharaj asked the bullocks to follow the man and the bullocks did follow. Maharaj got down from the cart and sat in the center of the ground where the work was going on. The spot is in survey no. 700 and in sub divisions 43 and 45. Although the collector had allotted only an acre, they had to utilise mord land to keep the place, where Maharaj sat, in the center. This meant an encroachment of eleven gunthas. One evil person reported this to the collector, who sent one Joshi For investigation. Hari Patil was embarrassed He told so to Maharaj. Maharaj smiled and asked him not to worry. There would be no fine. Shri Joshi did report that the fine was not justified. So the order of fine was withdrawn and Hari Patil was overjoyed to see that Maharaj's words came true. This was the second occasion When Maharaj stood by Hari Patil. There is one

village by name Savadad A gosai by name Ganga Bharati lived there. He was a leper and the disease had almost eaten him up. His feet had many sores and all his limbs were rotten. Ganga Bharati was desperate, but he heard about Maharaj and came to him for a cure. Men did not allow gosai Near Maharaj. They advised Him to get a glimpse of Maharaj from a distance. One day Ganga Bharati Made himself bold And approached Maharaj surreptitiously. He placed his forehead on Maharaj's feet. Maharaj struck him on his forehead, He at once stood up, And Maharaj struck hard on both his cheeks, and Maharaj then kicked him and spat phlegm on him. The leper took the phlegm As Prasad and besmeared it on his whole body like a soothing ointment. A person who was standing there had no faith in Maharaj.Said he to the Gosai, "Your body is already rotting and this fellow has spat phlegm on it. Now, go and wash it clean.With soap and water.It is really strange that people regard such fools as great saints. Such persons are the real cause of the downfall of our society. Why should you come to this mad man, instead of going to a physician?" Gosai, smiled and said,"Maharaj is a saint and how will a piece of musk smell foul? Impurity can't touch a saintly man. Even his phlegm Smells like musk. Come on Just smell this wonderful fragrance you do not know his greatness, which is why you say so. If you want to verify what I say, follow me. Let us go and smell the wet clay where Maharaj takes his bath." Both went where Maharaj used to bathe. The gosai took the clay in his hand and it smelt like a flower, the other person took it and it smelt foul. The disbeliever was converted, He came and fell prostrate before Maharaj.The gosai used to sit away From the public at the time of holy singing. He had a deep resonant voice and he knew a bit of classical music He sang devotional songs Before Maharaj for fifteen days. A change came over his withered body, the ugly redness disappeared, the cracked feet were cured. The body ceased to smell foul,

He was completely cured. Ganga Bharati had a wife and a son. They heard that he was cured. They came to Shegaon. The wife requested the husband to return home, The son also said the same. They said that Maharaj was verily, Shankar, the moon crested God. He would surely allow him to return home. Ganga Bharati said, "Maharaj is my mother, He slapped me and I knew He was right. I had donned Gerua clothes and had applied Ashes all over my body but I still craved for a life Of a householder. Maharaj beat me and I Came to my senses, my eyes opened. Oh my boy, Santoshkumar, Take your mother home And serve her well. Those who please their parents are dearer to God. Remember Pundalika Who served his parents and threw a brick at Vithoba to sit upon. If I return home, my disease will seize me again, so please do not compel me to return. I belonged to you So far, now I belong to God, Let me live here with Maharaj. With his grace, I may be free from the cycle of births and deaths. Do not tempt me now and spoil my eternal gain."Ganga Bharati asked his wife and son to return to Savadad, and he stayed with Maharaj every day in the evening He used to take ektara and sing the devotional songs Near Maharaj in his sweet deep voice. After a few days, at the behest Of the Master, he left Shegaon And stayed in Malakapur. Once in the month of Pausha Zyamsing came to Shegaon And requested Maharaj to come to his home. Long ago he had been to Shegaon to take Maharaj to his newphew's place at Adgaon. Maharaj did not go then, but agreed to go later. He, therefore, recalled that incident and entreated Maharaj to come now To Mundgaon, where he was staying. Maharaj therefore, accompanied him To Mundagaon and a number of people Assembled there to have darshan of Maharaj. Zyamsing had thrown a big feast, Bhandara — as it is called. Mundgaon resembled Paithan On the banks of the Godavari. Eknath was the saint at Paithan, Maharaj was a saint here in Mundgaon. Many bhajan parties came to Mundgaon, Singing all the way,

cooks commenced cooking. When the cooking was half over, Maharaj said to Zyamsing, "Today is the 14th lunar day, Let them fast today and Have a feast on the full moon day." Zyamsing said, "The cooking is half over. Every one is eager to have your Prasad." Maharaj said, "What you say is right from a worldly view, but god wills otherwise. You men of the world Always insit on your own say. But mind you, this won't do." When all men sat to dine, Clouds gathered in the sky and it thundered and a strong gale began to blow. It began to rain cats and dogs and there was water everywhere, all the cooked food was spoiled in the rains. Then Zyamsing came to Maharaj and prayed to him, lest there should be Rain and storm the next day. He solicited Maharaj to ward off the rains next day as the rains would have spoiled the standing crops. People would say that Zyamsing got the merit for giving bhandara, but we are lost, our crops are destroyed, with the untimely heavy rains. Maharaj heard his prayersAnd said, "There were will be no rain tommorrow." So saying, he looked at the sky and the clouds Began to disperse and the Sky was clear and The Sun shone brightly on the land below. The next day was the full moon day, and everyone had mahaprasad. The practice of bhandara continues to this day. Zyamsing then donated all his property To Maharaj. A number of men Became devotees in Mundgaon. There was one young boy by name Pundalik Bhokre. He was the son of one Ukrida.Ukirda means a dung-hill. It is a practice in Vidarbha That, if children of a couple die, even while they are infants, they offer a child to God, and give it an obnoxious name. In Telanghana they name a child Pentayya. In Maharashtra They name one as Kerpunja. In Vidarbha they name one ha Ukirda. Pundalik used to visit Shegaon to see Maharaj every year. Even as other warkaris Visit Dehu and Alandi on the bank of Indrayani There was an outbreak of Plague. The disease spread here in India, Wiped out larged populous towns, when this disease attacks one,

one feels feverish and the fever rises sharply, and one gets a swelling on the joints, Particularly In the arm pit. During this epidemic People leave their houses and go to live in huts in the open fields outside the town or village. So Mundgaon was in the grip of this epidemic, Pundalik was feeling feverish, but he had to go to Shegaon for the annual visit. So, he sat on with Parents for the journey, they were about ten miles from their home, When Pundalik's fever became severe. The swollen boil in the arm pit gave him unbearable pain Pundalik told his father that the boil in arm pit was very painful, that he was feeling very weak, and he was unable to walk further. Father asked Pundalik whether he should hire a pony or a cart to carry him. But pundalik refused to sit on a pony or in a cart, "The pilgrim must march on foot," Said he, "If I die on the way, Carry my body to Shegaon And then cremate." So with great difficulty, both father and son Walked the remaining distance and reached Shegaon and stood in the presence of Maharaj. Both, father and son, fell prostrate. Maharaj lifted up Pundalik with love and putting his thumb on the swelling in his arm pit, pressed it hard. The swelling subsided and the fever disappeared, but the weakness persisted and his body trembled. Pundalik's Mother offered food to Maharaj, Maharaj ate a morsel or two And Pundalik ceased to tremble. In a day or two Pundalik was as healthy as before. Guru is really a wish-yielding cow, Faith in guru always helps one in overcoming obstacles and difficulties Howsoever big they may be. This is not a concocted story. Here are the experiences of humble souls faithfully recounted by Dasaganu. One who will read this book will surmount all difficulties coming in one's way in this life. Here ends the 13th chapter of Gajanan Vijay, May the reading benefit the devotees."

END OF CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Chapter 14 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha

|| Salutations to Ganesh ||

Oh Ram, the son of Kausalya, The glory of the line of Raghus, Oh the compassionate one! Bestow your favour on this humble child. You favoured Tratika. Ahalya was a stone slab, you restored her life. You restored her to life. You fulfilled Shabari's wish to serve the sweet berries to you. You renounced the throne and went to forest to bless your devotees. You infused strength into the monkeys of the forest. Stone slabs imprinted with your name would float on the roaring seas. You made Bibhishan the lord of Lanka. All those who surrendered themselves to you, you warded off their dangers and helped them in their difficulties and bestowed on them Happiness eternal. Now where this Dasaganu, Who is a bereaved babe, Will go? You are his mother. You are his guru. You are like a ship in the ocean of life. You are the wishe yielding tree to your devotees. There was a poor Brahmin By name Bandu Tatya. He resided in a village in Taluq Mehekar. He was a householder, and though poor, was righteous and generous at heart. Many guest used to visit him often And Bandu Tatya used to offer Hospitality to one and all. To him guest were gods. All his money used to get spent up and at times he had to borrow from a money-lender In order to feast his guests. The borrowing increased and he was heavily indebted. He sold everything he had. And yet could not get his debts cleared. All his utensils were mortgaged or were sold and the creditors could not be satisfied. They used to send men to him to collect their dues. His wife and children hated him and used harsh words. None would give Bandu Tatya Anything on loan not even a measureful of flour for his evening meal. Bandu Tatya thought of ending his life. But how would he get an effective dose of opium? He had

no money. If he would throw himself into a well, someone would pull him up, and they will scoff at him and jeer at him. He will have no place to hide himself. At last he thought of Going to the Himalayas. He had a last glance at his home. He put on a lion cloth and covered himself with ashes So that none should identify him. A man with self respect can't bear hateful glances of others. Bandu Tatya prayed silently, "Oh Chakrapani, why did you Deal with me so? You can make a paupera prince the puranas say so, but did they lie? Or else how should I who have complete faith in you, Suffer like this? I shall now kill myself in Haradwar and you would be responsible for my death." So saying, he went to the railway station to purchase a ticket for Haradwar One Brahmin met him at the station and advised him to have darshan of Maharaj, "The darshan of a holy man is always beneficial. Do not take any Hasty step" When the Brahmin said so, Bandu Tatya was confounded. He did not know who the Brahmin was and Why should he spoil his plan? But any way he went to Shegaon And as he stood before Maharaj, Maharaj smiled and said, "Bandu Tatya, why do you want to give up this body in the Himalayas? Don't you know, it is a sin to kill oneself? Men should never give up hope. One should always try again and again to succeed in life. Even if you kill yourself, you may be born again to settle your accounts and may suffer more in the next birth. So, abandon this idea of throwing yourself in the Ganga at Haradwar, Go home, and do not waste time here. Could you recognize the one, who met you at the station? When you will reach home, go to your orchard. There is one image of mhasoba in your orchard and to its east there is one Acacia tree. After midnight, you dig at the root of the acacia tree. Do this yourself. If you dig three feet deep, you will get the hidden treasure. You pay off your creditors. Do not abandon your wife and children and do not become a fake sadhu." When Bandu Tatya heard this, he rubbed off the ashes and wore his dhoti and

returned home to Kharda. At the dead of night He went to the image of mhasoba and thence to the acasia tree, and there he dug up three feet deep. He struck a copper pot Covered with a circular disc. The pot contained coins of pure gold Four hundred in number! Bandu Tatya was overjoyed and he danced and sang the praise of Gajanan Maharaj. He settled his debts and the orchard, which was mortgaged, was redeemed. With the grace of Maharaj, Bandu Tatya was settled again, it was a miracle, As if a dying man Getting nectar or a man sinking in the sea, of being pulled up into a salvaging ship. Bandu Tatya came back to Shegaon and gave large sums in donation and sat at the feet of Maharaj. Maharaj said upto him, "Why do you bow before me? Bow, before him who has given you gold! Now, be careful hereafter and do not be extrabagant. Men will befriend you when you are rich, but will forsake you, when you are penniless. Be devoted to God. He alone is your saviour in adversity." After hearing the advice, Bandu Tatya returned home, He was happy ever afterwords. Once there was a somavati parva when the amavasya falls on Mondey, It is called somavati parva. It is laid down in the puranas that a bath in the Narmada On such a day is blessed. So the devotees from Shegaon desired to go to the holy river. Martand Patil, Bankatlal, Maruti Chandrabhan and Bajaranglal All decided to visit Omkareshwar. Bankatlal said, "Let us take Maharaj with us." All the four came to the math and Entreated Maharaj to accompany them. They said, "You are our mother." Mother alone has right to place us at the feet of Omkareshwar. Unless you come and place us in the lap of Narmada, We won't budge from here. Does not a mother fulfils the wish of a child, Howsoever, strange it be?" Maharaj said unto them, "I shall bathe in the Narmada Right here in this math. Better you go to Omkareshwar and have a holy bath there. It is a holy place where the great king Mandhata ruled and Gained glory which reached the farthest Corners of the earth. It is a place

where the great Shankaracharya was initiated by his guru The ParamhansaGovindapada to enlighten the world. So go quick but do not ask me to come. The Somavati Parva has no significance for me." When the four devotees heard this, they touched Maharaj feet and insisted on his coming, "We shall return soon," said they, Maharaj said, "You are hypocrites, the water of the Narmada is also in the well of this math. If we go there, The Narmada will be offended. Listen, I am telling you what is beneficial to you." But Maruti and Chandrabhan said that they won't go unless with Maharaj. Maharaj said, "Do not blame me if any untoward incident takes place. So, at last they took Maharaj with them and left the math for Omkareshwar. All the ghats of the Narmada Were full of men and women who had assembled there for the arva. They were motely crowds. Some were bathing, some were Chanting stotras, and some were hastening to the temple with flowers in their hands. There were groups of singers singing bhajans. The temple was overcrowded for the ritual-bath of the deity. Maharaj sat in a lotus posture on the bank of the great river. The four devotees went to the temple and returned after darshan. They wanted to return now. The roads were full and the bullocks of their cart were naughty and would drag the cart away from the road. The cart-driver did not tell them this and had contracted to take them back to the railway station. But they thought it unsafe to go by road. The four devotees, therefore, asked Maharaj if journey by a boat would be safer. Maharaj said, "Do as you like. I shall sit." So they hired a boat, Maharaj sat in the boat and they proceeded to Khedighat. The boat dashed against a submerged rock and water began to gush into the boat through a hole. The boatman Jumped into the river. But Maharaj Was in his usual mood singing his usual song "Gana Gana Ganat Botey" Martand, Bajarang and Maruti were all terribly afraid, and so was Bankatlal. There hearts beat fast, they solicited Maharaj to save them, "We did not listen to youAnd

forcibly brought you here, that is why we are in great danger. The very Narmada Is bent upon drowning us. Oh, our revered guru, we shall implicitly obey you Hereafter. But save us. Shall we not see our near and dear ones in Shegaon?" While they were saying so, the boat was half filled with water and drifted a furlong away. People on the banks were shouting at them. They thought them to have been almost drowned. The water was very deep there and the current was strong. At that moment, Maharaj smiled and said, "Be not afraid. Mother Narmada Won't harm you, you are Safe on her lap." So saying, Maharaj recited a stotra. The four devotees sat in the boat with folded hands."Narmade mangale Devi Reve ashubhanashini Mantu kshama sari yancha Dayalu hovoni Mani."(Oh Narmade, the auspicious goddess, Reve, the destroyer of ills. Forgive them if they have offended you. Be kind to them.) While Maharaj recited the above stotra. Water in the boat oozed out, the hole was plugged by the Narmada herself. The boat Rose to its original level. The Narmada was physically visible to them. She wore a fisherman's dress which clung around her, her hair was curly. The boat touched the bank and everyone was surprised to see the large hole at the bottom of the boat. The devotees prayed to her and offered her a dry sari, but she refused to take, and said she was the daughter of a fisherman by name Omkara "We are accustomed To wear wet clothes. Please do no worry," said she, "I am always in water, Water is my form." She bowed before Maharaj and disappeared Even as the lighting Disappears in the dark clouds. The four devotees were now all joy. They knew that the Narmada had come there to have darshan Of Maharaj. Oh the glory of Maharaj! Bankat asked Maharaj, Who the woman was He prayed that Maharaj would reveal her true nature. Maharaj replied, "Did not you hear what she said? The fisherman Omkar is none else than Omkareshwar. Did not she say that water was her another form? Why do you disbelieve her? She always

helps those who are in danger. Come on. Sing her praise" Oh Narmada, glory be to you, Oh mother, protect us always!" Bankatlal and others Touched Maharaj's feet when he revealed to them the glory of the Narmada. They returned to Shegaon and told this miracle to one and all. Once, one Sadashiv Rangnath Wanwale Came with someone to see Maharaj, Sadashiv alias Tatyasaheb Was a disciple of Madhaonath Who had a large following in Malwa. When Sadashiv came, Maharaj was taking his meal. Seeing Sadashiv, Maharaj Remembered his guru Madhaonath. Maharaj bade his disciples to usher Sadashiv to him. He said unto them, had they come a bit earlier, they would have met their guru who had been there a moment before. Madhaonath went away without taking the betel leaves Maharaj embraced Wanwale Even as he would embrace the children of his brother. Maharaj honoured Wanwale As was usual with him And bade Wanwale Visit his guru Madhaonath, And give him the betel leaves with the message "We dined together, but you left Without taking the betel leaves They were left over there; I have brought the same to you, Nath." Wanwale listened to what Maharaj said, and taking the two betel leaves, went to his guru, Madhaonath, Asked Madhaonath, whether He had been to Shegaon. Madhaonath said, "What is heard is true. Gajanan Maharaj remembered me, and I had been there. We usually meet like this. We both have different bodies, But one chaitanya Reverberates in both the places. You may not understand this right now, Wait. It is good that you brought the betel leaves for me." So saying Madhaonath, Took the betel leaves and pounded them in a mortar with a pestle and eating a little of it Gave a little Prasad to Wanwale. Jnyaneshwar has narrated The modes of meetings of saints. Read Changadeva Pasashti. All the doubts will be dispersed The Yogis can see each other from a distance, can talk and meet other. Tukaram was in Dehu, Shaikh Mohammed was in Shrigonde. While the pandal caught fire In Dehu, Shaikh Mohammed

quenched the fire from Shrigonde. Mahipati has recorded Theis indcident in Bhakti Vijay. The son of Patil Fell into a well. Maharaj Manik Prabhu Went to Hali invisibly and saved the drowning child. Only a real saint can do this. Hypocrites can't do, they only talk. Yoga is a science supreme, it should be revived for national upliftment. Here ends the 14th chapter Of Gajanan Vijay, May the reading benefit the devotees!

END OF CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Chapter 15 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha

|| Salutations to Ganesh ||

Oh you Waman, the son of Kashyap, Oh Narayana, in the form of the dwarf, you accepted the gift of Bali and fulfilled his life. You accepted from him the kingdom on the earth. But you gave him the kingdom of the nether world you gave him a coconut and accepted a small amalaki, you were pleased with his devotion, and you became a sentinel at his gate. Bali will be the ruler supreme of all the gods after this manvantara. That will be so, as you gave him the boon. How great is your glory! You recited the four Vedas In a couple and a half hours. You incarnated yourself as Shrihari On this earth and you did not kill any one. You were honoured in this incarnation by both, the danavas and devas. You made both happy. You maintained your divinity in this incarnation as Waman. My salutations to you! Place your benedictory hand On my head and bless This humble Dasaganu. Balgangadhar Tilak, A Kohinoor of Maharashtra, An expert in politics, And a man of vision. How is it possible for me to describe his greatness? He fought for the freedom, He struggled to the last, Like Bheeshma, for the Upliftment of our nation. He had unparalleled penmanship, and he was a born orator. He spoke like Brihaspati. He shook the British empire by his strong leadership. He earned the beloved title Lokmanya. People revered him as a great leader. Bal Gangadhar Tilak Was invited to preside over a meeting in Akola On the occasion of Shivaji Jayanti. All the people of Vidarbha were happy to know this. Shivaji had close ties with Vidarbha His mother hailed from Sindkhed in Shivaji, Vidarbha and Maharashtra were one. People were, therefore, happy Over the ensuing celebrations. Some said, "It shall be fine If Maharaj would come over there and would bless Tilak Even as Samarath did bless

Shivaji." Other did not like this suggestion. They said, "Maharaj's presence will spoil the serenity of the occasion. Maharaj will move among people and may even strike Tilak." At last the residents of Akola Came to Shegaon to extend an invitation to Maharaj. Maharaj saw Khaparde as he came, and told him that he would come to the public meeting in the honour of Shivaji, That he would behave there like a sane person, and he would not do anything that would dishonour the great leader. Maharaj said that Tilak was a leader supreme, that he was anxious to see Tilak and his friend Anna Patwardhana disciple Of Nrisinha Saraswati of Alandi. Khaparde was overjoyed to hear this. Khaparde said To Kolhatkar, "Look, what the crest-jewel of all the sages says! He has known what we talked. He has a deep regard for the national leader. We were not required to request him To come and bless the gathering there. Let us now bow before him and proceed to Akola." People were anxious to have Tilak come to Akola. It was an Akshaya Tritiya day. It is a day when Food is offered to the manes. Even when people were thus preoccupied, they assembled for the national celebration in large numbers. People had come from far and near to see Lokmanya. The pandal was filled to its capacity. Everyone was anxiously equiring about Maharaj, But Maharaj had already come and occupied his seat in the pandal. A sadhu never lets his word down. Maharaj had been given the highest place on the dais. Tilak was seated at the forefront, Annasaheb Patwardhan sat beside him, and Khaparde sat on the right hand side. Damle, Kolhatkar, Bhawe and Vyankatrao Desai all were the organizers of the meeting. The meeting commenced. After the preliminary speeches, Lokmanya rose to speak. Said he "Blessed is this day! We are observing a day of remembrance For Shivaji who led a war of independence against the tyrant rulers of Delhi and Vijapur He was blessed in his efforts By Ramadasthe dynamic saint of Maharashtra It was a powerful combination of valour and wisdom. The

nation needs today the same combination of forces. The saint supreme of Shegaon Has arrived here to bless us all in this war of independence. Ever since we lost independence, the clouds of slavery Are enveloping us. To arouse the people from the deep slumber of ignorance what is necessary is the right education. The British will not give us the man-making education." In his speech Tilak criticized the British Government. Maharaj knew that the Government would not spare Tilak, Maharaj said, "Such a speech would ensnare the speaker." Maharaj sang his usual song "Gana Gana Ganat Botey" The public meeting proceeded peacefully. Tilak was lauded, but during the same year Tilak was charged for sedition, He was arrested and was tried. Dadasaheb Khaparde was on his way to Bombay to defend Tilak. At Akola, Kolhatkar met him on the railway station. Khaparde asked Kolhatkar to go to Maharaj and pray to him For Tilak, so that the latter would be released. Kolhatkar left for Shegaon and came to the math. Maharaj was asleep for full three days. Kolhatkar waited till Maharaj awoke. Would anyone show such a perseverance? Kolhatkar wanted Tilak to be saved, so he sat there continuously for three days. How deeply did he love Tilak! On the fourth day Maharaj got up and told Kolhatkar that all efforts would be in vain. "Ramadas backed Shivaji", said he, "And yet the latter was Imprisoned by the Mogul Emperor. Unless the virtuous are tortured long by the tyrants, No power is generated to topple the tyrants. Look back at history Right from the days of Kansa. Even then take this bhakar and let Tilak eat it. He will achieve a great deed with the strength derived from this bhakar. He will go far away; but that cannot be helped." What Maharaj said Caused anxiety to Kolhatkar He, however, bowed down before Maharaj and took the bhakar given by him most reverentially and hastened to Bombay There, he told Tilak what Maharaj said. Tilak smiled and said, "What Maharaj has said is true indeed! The government would insist on its own way and would not act in accordance

with justice. Maharaj has said that I shall achieve a great deed. Let us see what it is. The sage can know beforehand the events which take place later. We ordinary men cannot know the intricate ways of Fate." Tilak ate the bhakar After breaking it soft, His mouth was toothless, And he had no mind To abandon the Prasad. Tilak was sentenced And was transported to Mandale. He wrote the Gita Rahasya, While in jail far away in Mandale. This was a great achievement, so well-predicted by Maharaj. The prediction of Maharaj came true. There had been a number of commentaries on the Gita. All the acharyas interpreted the Gita In accordance with the period and the place. Some interpreted it on the lines of duality, some emphasized the Karma aspect, some emphasized the knowledge aspect Tilak's interpretation was unique. That is why Maharaj regarded it as a great achievement. The Gita Rahasya made Tilak immortal and made him known all over the world. Had he succeeded in achieving independence, He would not have been remembered All the time and all the places. Freedom is not eternal It can be gained and it can be lost. The Gita, however, is an everlasting wisdom. It leads one to liberation, it integrates the social life of a nation. Bal Gangadhar Tilak Will be remembered Everafter on account of the Gita Rahasya. One Shridhar Govind Kale Hailed from Kolhapur. He came from a poor family. He studied in an English school Passed his matriculation examination, But failed at intermediate examination. He, thereafter, moved from place to place. Once he read in Kesari the life of Oyama and Togo. Oyama and Togo were two Japanese men. They went to England to learn mechanical engineering. They returned to Japan with the new knowledge and served their motherland. Shridhar Govind Kale Went to Bhandara to see his friend who was a teacher in Munroe High School. The friend agreed with him to go to a foreign country, but he was also penniless. Wherefrom would they bring money to proceed to a foreign country? Both decided to

return to Kolhapur. On the way, they got own at Shegaon. They wanted to see Maharaj. They kept their baggage at postmasters and went to the math. They fell prostrate before Maharaj, Maharaj read their minds and said, "Oh fools, why do you think of going to a foreign country? Everything is here, do not go after material prosperity, Dive deep into the life spiritual." Shridhar remembered one Swami from Kolhapur, who had similar views. He could not know how Maharaj was thinking on the same lines. He got a bit confused. "Don't go away from Bharat," Said Maharaj. "It takes long to be born in Bharat. Love this land," This was an eye opener to Shridhar, His mind changed. Sages are great, they can reverse the current of thought, and they know the truth. Maharaj advised Shridhar to return home as his wife was anxious. Shridhar returned and studied further, Later he was appointed as the principal of a college in Shivpuri in Gwalior State. Saints are the living Gods on the earth. Their blessing can work out miracles. Shridhar Kale rose to a high position by the blessings of Maharaj. India is great, Sages abide in this land. The trees of a celestial land won't grow elsewhere. May the Gajanan Vijay of Dasaganu Show the right path to the devotees.

END OF CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Chapter 16 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha

|| Salutations to Ganesh ||

Glory be to Parashudhar, The son of Jamadagni. Oh Parashuram, You protected the Brahmins By penalizing Sahasrarjun, You could not tolerate the insult hurled at Brahmins. Why then are you blind to the welfare of the Brahmins? Why are you sleeping When the Brahmins need your help? The days are difficult without your succour, The Aryan culture may not survive. The Maya of Gajanan, Is indescribable indeed. Who can know it? There was a devotee in Mundgaon, by name Pundalik. He used to visit Shegaon every year. In the same village there was one Bhagabai, She was from the line of Thakares. She was a hypocrite of the first order and she had faith in none. Once she said to Pundalik, "You visit Shegaon every year, and treat Gajanan as your guru. Tell me, did he initiate you with a holy mantra? There cannot be any initiation without the proper ritual. You say he warded off your fever, But that was a coincidence. Gajanan behaves like a mad man He sings "Gin Gin Ganata", He has no sense of purity, and He will swallow food, half-eaten by anyone. So, leave him and come along with me, we shall go to Anjangaon and take initiation from a disciple of Kejaji. Tomorrow, there will be a kirtan at Anjangaon. Let us proceed tomorrow to Anjangaon. A guru should have knowledge supreme, He should be well-versed in the Shastras, He should have all the qualities of a great man, He should guide us on the path of devotion. Gajanan is not endowed with any of these qualities, so let us go to Anjangaon." Pundalik Bhokre was a simple soul. He was much impressed By Bhagi's eloquent speech. He decided to go to Anjangaon Along with her to listen to the kirtan. "I shall decide later whether to accept him as guru", He told Bhagabai, "Yes I shall accompany you To

Anjangaon tommrrow." So saying, he went to bed that day and lo! As the night was receding, He saw right before his eyes a huge figure of a man Resembling Maharaj. Said Maharaj to him, "Do you go to Anjangaon to seek a guru on the advice of Bhagi? Go. You will be disillusioned if a person whispers in your ear. Can he be your guru? There are so many who may whisper in each other's ears. Can they be guru to each other? You better do not fall a victim to the hypocrities. Come, lend me your ear, I shall give you a mantra." So saying Maharaj uttered "The syllables "Gana Gana" "I shall fulfil your cherished desires", Said he. Pundalik was happy. In the depth of the dream He looked intently and recognized Maharaj. He said unto him, "I do not desire anything. Give me the paduka for my daily worship." Maharaj smiled benignly and said, "Come on, take these, I have given them unto you. Worship them tomorrow when the sun crosses the zenith." Pundalik stretched his arms to receive the wooden padukas, and the dream broke, and he opened eyes and looked searchingly Here and there, but there was no one anywhere, nor were there padukas. He could not decide whether it was a live experience or an illusory dream. In the heart of his heart He knew that what Maharaj said could not be untrue. He thought to himself That Maharaj gave him darshan in the dream and told him How Bhagi Thakarin was. How should he worship the padukas the next day when it would be past midday? Did Maharaj mean that he should get a new pair of padukas for the next day's worship? He had asked for the padukas which he wore, and he gave him the same ones, why should he get a new set? While Pundalik was cogitating in this way, came Bhagi Takarin at his home and said, "Come the sun will rise after some time. The day will dawn, we shall proceed to Anjangaon." Pundalik said unto her, "Oh Bhagabai, leave me alone! You may go to Anjangaon, but I would prefer to stay Right here. Gajanan Maharaj Is my guru, let him not forsake me. Nor I, him." So, Bhagabai went alone To Anjangaon.

Now Zyamsing Rajput of Mundgaon Had been to Shegaon for darshan Maharaj told Balabhau To hand over the padukas To Zyamsing, with the message that the padukas be given to Pundalik Bhokre. Zyamsing did as bade, And as he entered the precincts Of Mundgaon, he met Pundalik Who asked him the well-being of Maharaj And enquired whether Maharaj Had sent any Prasad for him. Zyamsing was wonderstruck at his question and they came to Pundalik's home. Zyamsing asked pundalik why he was so inquisitive. Pundalik narrated to him the dream and now Zyamsing had no doubts. He took out the padukas which he kept covered in a piece of cloth and handed over them to Pundalik. They are in Mundgaon Even upto this day and are being worshipped daily. Pundalik worshipped them at noon with deep devotion. So the real saints Protect their devotees And do not let them go astray Listen again to this story —There was one saraf in Akola By name Rajaram Kavar He was a Madhyandin Brahmin, He was not very rich Nor very poor, And Maharaj regarded him as a devotee, And so Rajaram's children Revered Maharaj. These were two brothers, one was Gopal, the other was Tryambak. Tryambak was often called as Bhau. He went to Hyderabad to learn medicine. From his childhood, Bhau was god-centred And he use to remember Maharaj at all the times and when in difficulty. During the holidays He came home and wanted to go to Shegaon and feed Maharaj, the food Maharaj loved. He prayed to Maharaj. "Oh Maharaj, what shall I do? My mother expired when I was child, whom shall I ask now to Prepare the choicest dish for you? I have no mother, and the wahini who is called Nani Is of a pungent tongue, I want to take to you Bhakari of jawar and curry of ambadi with onion and green chillies Along with pithale. How can I ask wahini to prepare all these? One can have one's way with mother, but one cannot force anyone else." While he was thinking thus, Nani came there. Seeing his worried face, she asked him what the matter was. After great persuasion the brother told Nani

what he had intended. He told her that He wanted to take to Maharaj Onion and curry of ambadi and bhakari and pithale. "If you will prepare these things," said he, "Surely you will earn merit and I shall succeed in my endeavour." Nani smiled and said, "So that is why you were so anxious. Do not worry." She then set herself to cooking and in no time she prepared bhakarīs and besan. She brought a few onions and a handful of green chillies she covered bhakarīs with the besan as if it was butter. She then said to her brother in law, "Hurry up now or else you will Miss the train. If you miss you won't reach Shegaon before the meal time and all the cooking will be in vain." Bhau took leave of his father and hurried to the station But alas! The train already steamed off from the station. Bhau was disappointed. He lamented and said, "Oh Maharaj, why don't you accept my offerings? May be, I am not meritorious! May be, I lack devotion! What mistake did I commit? Why should I miss the train? There is no train now till three o'clock. By that time you would have taken your food. How is it that you will not allow me to serve you today? I know you can reach Kedarnath In a moment, why don't you Come here and accept the food, so lovingly prepared for you? Please do not say that I am ordering you to come here and thereby am insulting you. I am entreating you with love and devotion. If you won't come, I won't take food myself." At three o'clock there was another train, So Bhau went by that train and hurriedly went to Maharaj. Maharaj was sitting there without any food that day. There were plenty of sweet dishes Prepared and served as the holy offering. Some had brought Jilebi, some had brought gheever, some had brought motichur, and others had brought shrikhand, Puri and kheer. But Maharaj did not touch any of these dishes. Balabhau brought all the dishes to him one after another, and requested Maharaj to partake of the food, as it was 10'clock, and unless he ate the devotees won't get Prasad "The devotees do not dare to ask you, so I am requesting you on

their behalf." Said Balabhau. Maharaj said to Balabhau, "Please do not press me, I shall take my food today Late in the afternoon. Let them wait till then, or let them take the Prasad to their homes."When Bhau arrived, Maharaj's face beamed with joy. And he cast a loving glance At Bhau, even as a mother would do. Bhau fell prostrate before Maharaj and stood aside, Waiting for his command Maharaj looked at Bhau And said unto him smilingly, "Why, you invite me for food And bring it at so late an hour. Is this the time to take food? I accepted your invitation and so I have not taken food so far. Come on, bring your shidori."Bhau's joy knew no bounds. He told Maharaj that he missed the train, and that was the reason why he could not come in time. Balabhau stopped him and said, "Now please do not waste time and lament over the missed train. Maharaj is without food, Open your shidori. What have you brought? Bhau Kavar took out the shidori and placed the bhakaris and besan and onions and chillies Before Maharaj.Maharaj partook of two bhakaris and the third one was given to others as Prasad. All the devotees now knew How Maharaj loved his devotees.They remembered that Long long ago, in Hastinapur. Bhagavan Krishna went to Vidura. Leaving the sumptuous feast Thrown in his honour by Duryodhan and there partook of hulges Prepared by Vidura. That scene did take place again here in Shegaon. Maharaj did not touch the sweet dishes, Offered by the rich devotees. Bhau also took a little Prasad. So Maharaj told him, "You may return now to Akola, You will pass the examination Next year and will be a doctor." Bhau prayed to Maharaj to bless him so that He may never forget the holy feet of Maharaj.There was one farmer by name Tukaram ShegaokarA resident of Shegaon He was poor and hard working. Every evening he used to come to math and used to fill chilim For Maharaj and then after some time used to leave to do his daily work in the farm. One day he was in his farm. A man with a rifle on his shoulder came in search of a rabbit.

Tukaram was warming himself near fire, kindled in the courtyard. Behind his back there was a compound of thorny bushes. A rabbit was hiding there. The hunter did not see Tukaram, He fired. The rabbit was killed by a lead ball. But one lead ball Hit Tukaram and it went Right upto his head, Doctors and surgeons could not take it out. It gave him constant pain. The pain persisted and there was no end to it. Even in that painful condition he used to come to the math. One day, one devotee said to him, "Enough of visiting the surgeons and physicians! The service of a saint is the best medicine in this world, it is a panacea. You come here daily and sweep the premises. If Maharaj so please, you will be cured of your painful headache. But do not do this job with a sense of pride, as your father used to do? Be humble and pure in mind and do everything with devotion." Tukaram commenced sweeping the premises, all the premises, thereafter, were spick and span. He continued to do so for full fourteen years. And one day while he was sweeping the courtyard the lead ball fell from his ear as would the seed fall out off a ripe berry. When the ball fell out of the ear the pain stopped. Tukaram continued to sweep the courtyard of the math till the last day of his life. Experience surely cleanses one's doubts and confirms one's devotion. A firm devotion emancipates a man. There is no nobler path than the service of the saints. May this Gajanan Vijay of Dasaganu Show the right path to the devotees!

END OF CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Chapter 17 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha

|| Salutations to Ganesh ||

Victory be to the most auspicious! Victory be to the defenders of devotees
Victory be to the Blue One the sanctifier of the unholy! Oh Narayana, You
tore open the belly Of Hiranyakashiputhe most cruel Enemy of the
virtuous. To protect Prahlad, You assumed the unusual form and came
out of a pillar. You had a terrible form with sharp teeth and with mane,
flowing on the neck. Your eyes are red as the fire of khaira wood.
Although your form was terrible, your devotees were not afraid of you,
even as the young ones of a tigress are not. Seeing your terrible form,
Even Laxmi did not dare approach you, but your devotees bow before you.
All the saints have been saying that you always fulfil their wishes. So now
be true to your reputation Eet this Dasaganu be fearless with your favour.
Maharaj had many devotees residing in Akola, and he used to visit them
often. There was Bapu Krishna from Chapalgaon and The famous Khatau
family. There was Bachchulal Gondulal, And Jeejibai Pandit. There were
many such devotees. How shall I describe them? Once Maharaj came to
Akola and stayed with the Khataus, in their spinning mill. One Vishnusa
of Malkapur Desired that Maharaj should visit Malkapur. He tried to
convey his wish through Bhaskar Patil. Bhaskar Patil said to Maharaj,
"Vishnu wants you to visit him, so let us go to Malkapur. You have been
kind to the men and women of Shegaon. Now devotees from Malkapur
want you to visit them." Maharaj said to Bhaskar, "I do not want to come
to Malkapur. Please do not press me. If you will take me, you will come
into trouble. A string should not be pulled too tight it may break. I shall
not leave this place." But Bhaskar's prestige was a stake. He said to
Maharaj, "I have given Vishnusa a word, which I shall take you to his

home. I am your beloved devotee, Please do not fail me now. Come, we shall go by train. Let us go to the railway station." Bhaskar requested the station-master to arrange for a small vacant bogie of twelve seats for the use of Maharaj and his devotees. Maharaj sat in one place. But when the bell rang, announcing the departure of the train, Maharaj unseen by Bhaskar Left the bogie and entered another bogie which was exclusively meant for women. The women, seeing the naked fakir, Complained to the police and asked the police to remove Maharaj. The police officer came there and roughly tried to pull Maharaj out, but he failed. He then went to the station-master, and requested him to do something. When the station-master came there He saw the saint of Shegaon Sitting in the ladies compartment. The station-master asked the police officer to allow Maharaj to travel in that bogie As Maharaj was a well known saint and said that he would not misbehave. The officer said, "I have informed my superiors by wire. Now it is up to you to do whatever you feel right." The station-master took off the hat and humbly prayed to Maharaj to get down. Maharaj got down. The case was fixed Before Shri Jatharthe magistrate. At Shegaon. The date for hearing was fixed Bapusaheb Jathar came to Shegaon and halted at the dak-bangalow. Vyankatrao Desai of Akola was also there it the dak-bangalow, He asked Bapusaheb as to why There were crowds at the dak-bangalow. Jathar told him, it was strange that he did not know the police case, so much talked over. The police had registered an offence Against Gajanan Maharaj for moving naked in the public. When Vyankatrao heard this, He was very sorry. He requested Bapusaheb Not to proceed with the case. "Gajanan Maharaj" said he, "is a Great saint. He is God intoxicated and he is seldom aware of his surroundings. How can you bind him with a piece of cloth? The police erred, you should now rectify." Bapusaheb Jathar to Desai, "You know the law. Police should have known this. Why did they register an offence? So

saying Bapusaheb asked the clerk to summon Maharaj. One hefty police was sent He came to the math and rudely asked Maharaj to accompany him. Maharaj looked at the police and asked him to take him. The police caught hold to Maharaj, and he was shocked. His blood curdled and he was as if stupefied. The police could not do anything. As the police did not return Jathar asked Desai to go and bring Maharaj. The word came to the dak-bungalow that the police was powerless Before Maharaj and that he could not Bring Maharaj by force. When Desai came, he advised the devotees to make Maharaj wear a dhoti. They did so, but Maharaj did not keep the dhoti on his person and threw it on the way. Jahthar offered a chair to Maharaj And said, "Maharaj this is not good to move naked in the public. I request you to give up this nuditiy." Maharaj said to Jathar, "You do not know anything. Come on. Fill in my chilim. Do not give much importance to such outer things." When Jathar heard Maharaj, He was convinced That Maharaj was a yogi and was utterly regardless of rules of behaviour of ordinary men. Maharaj was as if Vrushabadeo of Bhagavati or Shukacharya or An incarnation of Namdeo. "Maharaj is a free soul who can rejoice within himself. How can I charge him with an offence?" Said Jathar, "Fire wont't leave its heat. Those who are worshippers of fire, must keep it at the altar. If fire is not kept in its proper place, it will surely burn everything in its way. The disciples of Maharaj Are responsible for not keeping Maharaj properly clothed. Had the disciples kept Maharaj clothed, His presence would have proved Comfortable and beneficial to one and all." So Jathar held Bhaskar responsible and imposed a fine of Rupees five On Bhaskar for neglecting his duty. Maharaj said to Bhaskar, "Will you now again Press me the way you did?" Bhaskar had no answer. But then disciples Decided not to take Maharaj by train. They used to hire Bullock-cart thereafter. Once Maharaj went to Akola By a bullock-cart and stayed with Bapurao. There was one Muslim sadhu by name Mahatabshah. He

was in Kuruma place near Murtizapur. He had asked Bapurao to inform him when Maharaj Would visit Akola. So Bapurao sent a messenger To Mahatabshah. Ere he reached Kurum, Mahatashah had started for Akola. He met the messenger on the way. Saints communicate with each other faster Saints communicate with each other faster than the ordinary men can dream of. Mahatashah, accompanied by the other three Muslim companions, Reached Akola and all of them Stayed with Bapurao. Next morning Maharaj came Where Mahatashah was seated and plucking his hair thrashed him hard. This was just to wash Mahatab clean. Maharaj said to Mahatab, "You are born as a Muslim, but you harbour hatred. Remember you are Mahatab, Let not darkness come around you." Mahatab appreciated the beating and the message of the sage. A good sadhu can alone understand another good sadhu. The other Muslim companions Of Mahatab did not know what to do. Mahatab told them to return to Kurum. All of them returned Except Sheikh kadu. After some time Bachchulal Came over there and invited Maharaj for a dinner to his home, the next day. Next day Maharaj was brought most ceremoniously in a Tonga at Bachchulal's when the Tonga arrived at the door. Maharaj won't Step down. They had to take back the Tonga to Bapurao's house. None could know the reason why Maharaj won't alight. One intelligent gentleman, however, told That Maharaj was offended as Mahatab was not invited. So they extended an invitation to Mahatab. He was also then taken in a procession and was asked to get into a theatre Maharaj was taken to Ram Mandir. But Maharaj also came back to the theatre and they all dined. When the feast was over, Mahatab told those who were there to get one ticket for one place in the Punjab As he wanted to go there. Sheikh Kadu prayed to Mahatab Not to go, as the construction work of a masjid At Kurum was not yet over. Mahatab told Kadu that He was ordered by Maharaj to proceed to the Punjab and that none should hold him back.

The construction of the masjid At Kurum would surely go on as smoothly as ever. The sages look upon all religions as the same divine manifestations. Let not the people attach themselves to temples or to mosques. Be it a temple or be it a mosque, the material is the same everywhere Brick, mortar and sand. Both the Hindus and the Mohammedans are the children of God. Let them love each other's religion. So saying Mahatabshah Left for the Punjab and never returned to Vidarbha. So look! Maharaj beat Mahatab and yet the latter did not bear any anger towards Maharaj. Maharaj could not take food Without Mahatab, through he had thrashed him hard A few hours before. Bapurao, who had invited Maharaj Was worried about bhanamati Bapurao's wife was a victim of bhanamati black magic. Clouds of vermilion Used to charge at her, Bibbas with cross marks Used to be hurled at her, her garments used to catch fire. Bapurao spent a lot over exorcists. But it was in vain. So he supplicated to Maharaj and said to him, "How should black magic prevail in a place sanctified by your holy presence?" What Bapurao said was right. No more did bhanamati Torture Bapurao's wife thereafter. Once Maharaj arrived in Akot to pay a visit to Narasinhji. There was a well Beside Narasinhji's ath. Maharaj sat on the wall of the well, Dangling his feet. Narasinh Maharaj asked him what he was doing. Others were also worried. They thought that Maharaj would fall into the well. Maharaj said to Narasinhji, "You are lucky. Water of the Godavari, the Yamuna and the Bhagirathi are here for you to bathe in. Why should I not bathe? I won't get away from here unless the mothers Ganga, Yamuna and Bagirathi bathe me today." Ere Maharaj finished, the level of the water in the well Rose and in a moment Water gushed from the hollow of the well like a live fountain, showering itself profusely On Maharaj who was sitting there. All the men and women Took bath in the overflowing water. Those who had no faith in Maharaj Now hung their faces in shame. After the bath Maharaj got

down from the well and the water Receded into the well. Maharaj left for Shegaon After seeing Narasinhji. Let this Gajanan Vijay Bestow thousand of blessings on the devotees!

END OF CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Chapter 18 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha

|| Salutations to Ganesh ||

Victory be to the luminescent self! Oh Govind, Oh Shrinivas, Oh, Paresh, the essence of joy, Protect me, oh you, the brother of the afflicted. Oh, Keshava, the crusher of Keshi, Oh, Madhava, Madhusudana, Oh, the one who sucked away The life from Putana. Oh, Panduranga, the master of Rukmini, Oh, Chakrapani, you know What I desire. Oh Padmanabh Why do you want me to be vocal? It is laid down in the puranas that whatever a devotee desires, God fulfils, Oh and harinath, be soft towards me. Fulfil all my desires. This humble Dasaganu is your slave. A devotee by name Bayaja Stayed in Mundagaon. She belonged to the gardener caste. She used to grow turmeric in her garden. Her father's name was Shivaram and her mother was Bhulabai. Bayaja was married while she was yet a child. When she came of age, her father reached her to her husband. But it transpired that the husband was impotent. Bayaja's mother wept bitterly. She told her husband Shivaram To dissolve the marriage and seek another match for Bayaja's. Shivaram was, however, hopeful. He thought that medicine would cure the husband and that he would regain his virility. So he asked Bayaja to stay on with her in-laws. Bayaja was young and beautiful. Her brother-in-law coveted her. He tried to persuade Bayaja to yield to him. Bayaja refused. She prayed to God, and tried to merge herself in the holy worship. One day the brother-in-law entered into Bayaja's room and express his evil motive. Bayaja told him that elder brother-in-law is almost in the position of a father. When the brother-in-law was going to lay his hand On Bayaja, his elder son Fell from the first floor, and got a sharp bleeding wound on his head. There was a loud noise. The brother-in-law left the place in haste, and Bayaja was saved.

The brother-in-law repented. Later, Shivaram took away Bayaja from her husband's place. Bhulabai persuaded Shivaram to accompany her to Shegaon, So that she would narrate her woes To Maharaj and place her daughter at his feet. They came to Shegaon and Bhulabai laid her daughter on the feet of Maharaj and prayed that Bayaja should have children. Maharaj smiled and said, "She is not destined to have children, all men are her children. Do not take troubles of remarrying her." Shivaram was sorry to hear this and so was Bhulabai. But Bayaja was happy and she became an ardent Disciple of Maharaj since then. She used to visit Shegaon Accompanied by Pundalik from Mundgaon. Her parents were happy. They thought that Maharaj would make her husband potent. But others in the village scandalized Bayaja and Pundalik. They all then came to Maharaj and Maharaj told them That Pundalik was Bayaja's brother in their last birth. And that they were continue to remain so through this life. Parents were assured about the purity and chastity of their daughter. There was one medical officer by name Bhau Rajaram Kavar. He was stationed at Khamgaon. Once he suffered from a boil. Doctors and specialists were consulted. Surgeons from Buldhana, Akola and Amravati Were consulted. Medicines, poultices were resorted to. The boil was surgically opened and yet the wound did not heal. Bhau's elder brother was worried. He could not see the younger brother Suffer so much pain. Bhau at last surrendered completely To Maharaj and supplicated to him. The night advanced and at about 1.00 a.m. A well decorated bullock-cart Led by a pair of Khillari bullocks came there with gingling bells. Doctor was watching the canopied bullock-cart from his sick bed. A Brahmin got down from the cart and knocked at the door. Doctor's brother opened the door and enquired the Brahmin as to from where he came. The Brahmin said, "I am Gaja. I have come from Shegaon with the holy water and ashes. Please apply these ashes to the boil and let

the patient swallow the holy water." He gave both the things to the brother of the doctor and hastened back to the cart and went away. The brother applied the ashes to the boil and made the doctor drink the tirtha. The boil oozed profusely. And after about a couple of hours the doctor slept well. The elder brother sent for the Brahmin. But he could not be traced. None had seen the canopied bullock-cart. The doctor recovered from the illness and then went to Shegaon to see Maharaj. To him Maharaj said, "Oh, you did not even give A bit of grass to my pair of bullocks, The doctor understood The significance of this remark, And was overwhelmed with a feeling of gratitude. It was verily Maharaj Who had come there to rescue his dear devotee from the deadly disease. Kavar, thereafter, distributed Food to the poor to express joy of his recovery. Once Maharaj thought of Visiting Pandharpur to see Viththal. Jagu Aba, Hari Patil and Bapuna, all these left Shegaon and came to Nagzari along with Maharaj. At Nagzari, there is one tunnel in the open land where Gomaji Maharaj once lived. He took samadhi over there. Gomaji, was the guru of Maharaj Patil. It was he who first blessed the line of Patils of Shegaon. So it is customary to bow before Gomaji and then proceed to any other place of Pilgrimage. So, all of them boarded the train after visiting Nagzari, and Proceeded to Phandharpur. Maharaj was with Hari Patil and there were about fifty of them, Headed by Bapuna Kale and others. It was the ninth day of the bright fortnight of Ashadh. The pilgrims were pouring into Pandharpur. Showers used to drench the pilgrims. It was as if the ocean of humanity Surged in that holy land of Pandharpur. The palanquins of the sages Nivrittinath, Jnyaneshwar, Sawata Mali and Gora Kumbhar, Tukaram and Sopan, Mukta, And Janardan Swami All thronged on the streets of Pandharpur. The air was rent fragrant with bukka and flowers of tulsi, Maharaj made himself comfortable in a bungalow belonging to Kukaji Patil. The temple was

Viththal was overcrowded. All the pilgrims from Shegaon except Bapuna, went to the temple. Bapuna had been to the river for a bath and was left back. When he learnt that everyone Had gone to the temple, He hurried there, but could not enter The temple as there were large crowds On the way. Bapuna was feeling forlorn, He prayed to Viththal, "Oh Viththal, you had given darshan To Sawata, by leaving your temple And going to Aran which was eight kosa away, I am so near your temple And yet I cannot have your darshan." In the evening Bapuna returned Tired and disappointed. The others who had returned after darshan scoffed to him and said that Bapuna was a fool, That Bapuna lacked devotion. They derided Bapuna, Saying that he was a vedantin and therefore, was seeing Lord In everyone. Bapuna was thus jeered at by all his companions. Maharaj was looking at Bapuna with immense love. He then said to Bapuna, "Look, I shall show you Pandurang." Maharaj stood up, fixed up his legs in the equated posture. Bapuna looked at Maharaj and verily he saw Pandurang. He fell prostrate before Maharaj and the next moment when he looked up Maharaj was his original self. When others heard of this, they insisted that Maharaj Should give them darshan. Maharaj said upto them, "Be first pure and simple Like Bapuna, then alone you will see me in the Form of Pandurang." All the pilgrims from Shegaon Returned. Bapuna was after some time blessed with a child. He named him after Namadeo As he was born after Bapuna's visit to Pandharpur. One Pilgrim from Vidarbha Hailing from Kavatha Bahadur Lodged in the bungalow of Kukaju Patil. They insisted that Maharaj On the twelfth day of Ashadh Cholera broke out in Pandharpur. Police forcibly entered every house, drove the pilgrims Beyond Chandrabhaga. The pilgrim from Kavathe Bahadur Had an attack of cholear. He was week and his pulse was languid and he had no strength to hold himself up. Nobody cared for him, and nobody informed the police For fear of being driven away. They started

for Shegaon, Leaving the pilgrim to his fate. Maharaj looked at the pilgrim and asked others to carry him with them. They refused as he was suffering from cholera. They told Maharaj, if their group would catch the infection, they would be no more. Maharaj said, "It is not good to leave our brother in such a predicament." So saying, Maharaj went near him and lifted him up and asked Him to return home. The pilgrim said that his end was near and that he would not now return home. Maharaj gave him hope and placed his hand on his head, and lo, the purging stopped, Strength returned to his feet, He stood up on his legs and accompanied the party home. How can the god of death prevail upon a person blessed by a saint? All of them thus crossed Chandraghaga and came to the railway station-Kurduwadi. Once a Brahmin came to Shegaon, Hearing about Maharaj He was an observer of ritualistic purity and he belonged to the sect of Madhvas. He was surprised to see That Maharaj and others near him did not observe ritualistic purity. He was surprised to find a dead dog on the doorsteps of the math. The Brahmin thought to himself, "How is it that these men are not removing the dead dog? These are all ugly and dirty men, In vain have I come here! As he was musing thus Maharaj came towards him and told him not to bear any doubt and that the dog was not dead. The Brahmin said that he was not as mad as the one with whom he was talking. But Maharaj bade the Brahmin to follow him so that a pitcher of water would be brought. They returned to the dog And Maharaj touched the dog and sprinkled some water over it. And lo! The dog wagged its tail and sat up! The Brahmin's surprise knew to bounds, He now lay prostrate before Maharaj and praised him for his purity in thought and deed. The Brahmin offered a puja in the math and returned home with the knowledge That Maharaj was the messenger of God. Let this Gajanan Vijay Show the path of devotion to the devotees!

END OF CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Chapter 19 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha

|| Salutations to Ganesh ||

Glory be to You, Who are the joy congealed. Glory to be You, You have no divisions. I, Dasaganu, salute Thee knowing Thee to be the only God in the Universe. Oh Raghava, Oh Raghupati, Come and bless me. You are great, Why are you so harsh with me? I am calling you piteously And you are not responding, Please do not fail me. There was one Kashinath Khanderao Garde, He once came to Maharaj. He noticed the signs of a jeevan mukta in Maharaj As were narrated to him by his revered father. Maharaj just pricked at his side And said, "Go! A telegram is there for you." Kashinath did not know what Maharaj meant. He had not come there with any motive. Any way he returned to Khamgaon. At home an order of his promotion Was received and he was To report to Morshi and to take over as munsuf Then only could Kashinath know The meaning of the pleasant prick. Once Maharaj had been To Nagpur as a guest of Gopal Buti the sahuکار. Nagpur was once the capital of the Bhonslas, But now it was an ordinary city. The old grandeur on account of elephants and horses Was gone now and Motor cars whizzed past along the roads. Gopal Buti had a bid wada in Sitabuldi Maharaj was housed there. Gopal Buti did not want Maharaj To leave him. Shegaon was now forlorn, The people of Shegaon Approached Hari Patil And requested him To bring back Maharaj to Shegaon. Gopal Buti was a devotee, But he was proud of his wealth. Maharaj was not happy to stay with him. Gopal Buti used to feed the Brahmins And used to arrange bhajan every day In the honour of Maharaj. But he did not allow anyone From Shegaon to come near Maharaj Lest Maharaj should think of returning. When Hari Patil boarded the train Maharaj clairvoyantly knew it and he told Gopal Buti To let him

go. Maharaj said to Gopal, "You, are rich But Hari Patil is a Jamedar And a strong man too! He will take me away by force. So, let me go before he comes, I do not want a quarrel Between you two." When Hari Patil came, He was stopped at the gate, But he forced himself into the house. The usual feast was going on. Food was served in silver plates and bowls And every one had three wooden boards One as a seat, one for the plate and one To rest one's back upon. The extravagance of Buti Was displayed everywhere. When Maharaj saw Hari Patil In the door way, he darted Towards him as a cow would Towards its calf. Maharaj said to Hari Patil, "Come on, let us go back to Shegaon, I am not happy here." When Gopal saw That Maharaj would leave He fell prostrate before him And prayed to him To have the food which was already served. If Maharaj would go Without taking the food, Gopal Buti would be blamed by everybody. So Gopal requested Hari Patil To prevail upon Maharaj To take the food. So Maharaj stayed there And everyone had his full meal. Janakabai, wife of Gopal Buti, Was a devotee of Maharaj, She prayed that her wished be fulfilled. Maharaj knew what she desired And applied kumkum to her forehead And blessed her saying that a virtuous son Would be born to her and that She would not die before her husband And that after death she would go to vaikuntha. From thence Maharaj went to Raghuji Raghuji had lost his kingdom, But he had a deep devotion of Maharaj. He was a devotee of Ram, He maintained the temple of Ram at Ramtek. Maharaj stayed with Raghuji for a day And then went to Ramtek. He had darshan of Ram, Then Maharaj returned to Shegaon With Hari Patil. There was one sadhu by name Ranganath. He stayed at Dhar Kalyan In the Nizam's dominion, He once came to Shegaon To see Maharaj. Both the great men talked About the deep religious experiences But their talk was in a language Which nobody understood. Once Maharaj told Balabhau That his brother would be Coming next day. Maharaj meant Vasudevananda

Saraswati Born at Mangaon and who Was staying on the banks of the Krishna. Maharaj said to Balabhau To keep the premises clean, As Vasudevananda insisted on cleanliness. He was quick-tempered also And would have gone back If he would have noticed rags or debris Anywhere in the math. Vasudevananda was a karhada Brahmin And his ritualistic purity Was his shield to maintain his Brahminhood. Next day, late in the afternoon Swami Vasudevananda Arrived in math. Both the saints Exchanged greetings with a smile, Both were happy to see each other. One was the master of karma, The other was the master of yoga, One was the Rose flower, The other was the fragrant Mogra flower, One was Ganga, The other was Goda, One was verily Pashupati Shankar The other was Narayana reclining on Shesha. When Swami Vasudevananda arrived, Maharaj was sitting on his bedsted, Producing often a chit sound with his thumb And the middle finger. When the guest arrived, Maharaj stopped making the sound. Both looked at each other. After sometime Vasudevananda Asked permission to leave, Maharaj nodded. Vasudevananda left soon after. Balabhau said to Maharaj, "How is it you call him brother? His way is quiet different from yours." Maharaj appreciated the question. Maharaj said, "There are three ways To reach God. They all lead to the Same place. One is Karma margawherein one Has to perform ritualbathing And fasting and many other actions, Which are of the essence of Karma. A person who performs all these rituals is a perfect observer of the path of Karma. A flaw here or there in the rituals May vitiate all actions. So, one has to be very careful In following this path of karma, One should not speak ill words to others. The path of Bhakti is Comparatively easier. The Bhakta's mind, however, Must be pure. The slightest impurity of mind May act as an impediment In the realization of knowledge. He should be kind, He should be loving, He should be humble, He should love worship. He should love listening to

the holy word. He should always engage himself In uttering the name of the Lord, Either overtly or covertly. The way of Bhakti Is easier, but it is difficult To attain the necessary purity of mind. The sky appears so near And yet one can't touch it. The third path is that Yoga, One need not have anything external To follow this path of Yoga Whatever is in Brahmanda Is also in the pinda i.e. the body. A person following this path Should know asanas, rechaka and kumbhaka. He should be able to identify Ida and pingala. He should know the kriyas of Dhauti, mudra, trataka etc. He should know kundalini And should know sushumna. Unless one knows all these One cannot realize God. It is true that all these paths Lead to the realization of the Self, Yet one must not be devoid of love. Any action without love Is drab and meaningless, An action without love Degrades a man. Atman is different from The outer body. One may be dark or fair, Tall or short, Ugly or beautiful, But the abiding Atman Is one and the same. Similarly, these three paths May look different, But all of them lead To the same goal. A person, who follows A particular path, Likes it and says that it is The only right path. Such men quarrel among themselves And forget that all paths lead To the same goal. The travellers of all these paths Come together when they Reach the destination and become One with the Reality. Vasishtha, Vamadeo, Jamadgani Arti, Parashar followed The path of Karma. Shandilya, Vyasa, Narada Prahlad the son of Kayadhu Maruti, Shabari, and Akrur Uddhava, Sudama, Parth and Vidura All went by the path of Bhakti. Machchindra, Gorakh and Jalandhara The Jagadguru Shankaracharya, Realised the self through the path of Yoga. The fruit reaped by Vasistha Was also reaped by Vidura And by Machchindra. The tradition was unbroken And Shripada Vallabha maintained it. Narasinha Saraswati was in his line And Ganagapur, Wadi and Audumbar Are sanctified by him Nama, Sawanta, Jnyaneshwar, Sena, Kanhu and Chokha Damajipantall were the pilgrims On the path of

Bhakti. Sheikh Mohammed of Sri Gonda. Ananda Swami of Jalna and Deonath of Surji Anjangaon Were the followers of the path of yoga. Similarly, Vasudevananda is Following the path of Karma, And I any many others Follow the path of Bhakti. Khalla Ammawho is not conscious Of her body and Saibaba of Shridi So also Gulabrao of Madhan, Are all the pilgrims on the path of knowledge. Adkuji from Varkhed in Chandur Taluq Of district Amravati Are followers of this path. Zingaji of Murha and Tajjuddin of Nagpur Are the followers on the path of Bhakti. All these saints had different ways But they were all recipients Of knowledge eternal. Whatever be the path, One should worship him Who reaches the goal. We are all brothers, And we visit this earth To set people on the Path of Realisation. One should follow the path one likes, And must achieve the ultimate goal. Please, do not ask anything more. I have told you enough. Do not go on babbling. Let me have the outward covering of ignorance. One who would have faith in me Will realize the Truth. I need not care for the faithless. One who repents Should be given this knowledge supreme. One should not speak about it Before one, who is a sceptic. Whatever they may say, One should be calm and meditative. Then only, one would meet The Lordthe soul of the Universe." Balabhau was all ears And tears of joy rolled down his cheeks. He was thrilled and tongue-tied, He bowed with humility And kept quiet. One Salubai, a Brahmin woman Belonging to the Kanva line, Was a great devotee of Maharaj. Maharaj asked her one day To cook for the devotees She did that job ceaselessly thereafter. One Atmaram, son of Tulsiram of Jalamb, Went to Varanasi to learn the Vedas. He stayed with his guru And collected madhukari For his sustenance. He learnt the Vedas and returned home. He went to Shegaon To see Maharaj and to tell him Of his acquisition. He recited the Vedas In the presence of Maharaj. Maharaj corrected him By reciting the Vedas himself. When the learned Brahmins heard Maharaj

They appreciated by saying, "Who else can find the worth of a diamond Except a professional jeweler?" Atmaram stayed with Maharaj thereafter. How will a bee Leave the honey comb Atmaram continued to stay In Shegaon even after the Passing away of Maharaj. He even donated all his property To the math. It was a small piece Of land and a house. It is not the value of the property That counts, but the spirit In which it was dedicated. Shabari gave berries to Ram, Were they in anyway worthless? There were others two One Swami Dattatreya Kedar And the other was Narayan Jamkar. The latter lived on milk and was Known as Dudhahari Buwa. All these three were great devotees of Maharaj. Now listen to the story of Marutipant, A resident of Morgaon Bhakare. There was one gardener by name Timaji Who was employed by Marutipant To guard his grain-threshing-ground. One day Timaji was overpowered With sleep. As he lay sleeping, About twenty donkeys of the local potter Entered the threshing-ground And gulped the newly threshed juar. Marutipant was a devotee of Maharaj So Maharaj in his astral body went to Morgaon and Alerted Timaji who then drove The donkeys, They had eaten up A large quantity of juar. Timaji was very sorry. As an honest servant He felt guilty for causing the Loss of his master. Early in the morning Timaji went to Marutipant And told him what had happened. Marutipant was in a hurry As he wanted to go to Shegaon. Timaji asked him to Accompany him to the field to assess the loss. Marutipant said that He would go the field later. Marutipant arrived in Shegaon. When he bowed before Maharaj, Maharaj, Maharaj smiled and said, "Why you keep a careless, sleepy Servant to guard your grains? And I have to go there And wake him up to drive the donkeys." When Maharaj said so, Maruti remembered what Timaji told him. With folded hands Maruti said, "You are our protector, Even as a mother is to her children. My fields and my crops Are all at your care You protect the universe, What of protecting my small

farm! I shall dismiss Timaji For his negligence." Maharaj said to Maruti, "Please do not do that. He is a sincere servant And is feeling very sorry to your loss. Did he not come of his own to you To tell you about the incident?" In this way Maharaj helped both Maruti and Timaji. Here is another story in the Saka year 1816. Maharaj was at Balapur Sitting in a room of Sukhalal Bansilal, The room opened on the market side. He was all joy and as usual Had no garments on his body. Men and women used to come there For darshan of Maharaj. A police inspector named Narayan Asaraji while going by the way Saw Maharaj. He had no faith in saints And, seeing Maharaj naked, Began to call him names. He said that Maharaj was a hypocrite. He started beating Maharaj with cane. He beat Maharaj blue. One Hundiwala came there And tried to stop the inspector. Said Hundiwala to inspector, "Why are you being so cruel to him? He is a saint and you are sinning In thrashing him. Unless you apologize, ill luck would befall you. Possibly your end is near That is why you are acting this way. Only a desparate patient Won't care to avoid food Which will aggravate the disease. The police inspector said, "I won't apologize, why should I? He is a fake sadhu. If a crow curses a man, What harm can that curse do? But it so happened That the inspector and all his near and dear ones Died one after another. This event shows that One should never Call names to a sadhu Or harm him physically. Here is another story Of Hari Jakhade, a resident of Sangamner in Ahamadnagar district. Anant Phandi, a composer of ballads And folk songs, hailed from this place. Hari Jakhade was a Madhuandin Yajurvedi Brahmin. Once he came to Shegaon And sat at the feet on Maharaj. Thousands of men and women Where coming there for darshan. Many of them used to Distribute food to the Brahmins. Some used to distribute Sugar candy, in fulfillment of their navas Hari Jakhade was a poor Brahmin And a bachelor who longed for Wife and a home and a large Family of sons. When Maharaj

came to know Of his desire, he spat upon Hari. Maharaj said to himself, "Men come here to get rid Of sansar and maya, And here is one who is Hankering after sensual pleasures. There was however, no point In giving him that which he Never wanted. So Maharaj said to Hari, "Go, you will get what you want. You will have sons and grandsons And you will have a handsome fortune. Go and be a good householder. Never forget God, Remember him always." So saying, Maharaj gave him Some money so that he may marry. Hari Jakhade went back to Sangamner and led a life of a householder happily. The words of a saint never prove wrong. There was one Ramchandra Govind Nimonkar An overseer, accompnained by Vasudeo Bendre, a surveyor. They came to a river by name Mukna. This river is in the Sahyadri In taluq Igatpuri, in Nasik District. This is a place known for its scenic beauty. Wild life is in abundance here. Off this river, there is a holy place By name Kapildhara. Devotees throng there on certain Auspicious days for a holy bath. Nimonkar had practised a little of yoga. He was in search of a guru Who would place him ahead In the path of Yoga. He saw one person near Kapildhara, He was a tall fellow with sharp features And had calm face. His arms reached his knees. Nimonkar camt to him And fell prostrate. The yogi did not say anything Shadows of the evening were gathering And Nimonkar had not taken any food. In the evening, the yogi filled in his tumba With the holy water of Kapildhara And proceeded towards the town. Nimonkar accosted the yogi And prayed to him for a favour. The yogi at last gave him a piece of paper Whereon was written the sixteen lettered mantra. The yogi asked Nimonkar To repeat the mantra constantly. "The path of yoga", said the yogi, Is not an easy one. A snail or a worm in dung Can't go round the Himalayas, Nor an oyster climb the meru. If a man observes brahmacharya, He may learn a few asanas And a few kriyas as dhauti and neti. But it is not everything. Anyway, I give you prasada Take this. " So

saying, the yogi Gave Nimonkar a red stone. Handing over the red stone, The yogi vanished. Later Nimonkar ran towards him And caught his feet by his both hands And complained why he left Him in the wilderness Without letting him know his whereabouts. Yogi Maharaj, looked at him angrily And said, "Did I not give the red stone? You are a big fool, you don't know That Ganapati from Narmada Is always red. I am Gajanan of Shegaon Come, follow me. I am going to Dhumal's house. Maharaj was ahead but again Vanished suddenly. Nimonkar searched for him Here and there. But in vain. At last he came to Dhumal And found Maharaj sitting in the verandah. Nimonkar bowed before him silently. Nimonkar then narrated to Dhumal All the incidents that took place While he was in Kapildhara. Dhumal said no Nimonkar, You are really fortunate. Maharaj has given you the red stone. Worship it daily. And practice Yoga before the red stone." Nimonkar did so, and Eventually was well advanced On the path of yoga. Here is another story Of Tukaram Kokate of Shegaon. Tukaram was miserable As his issues died one after another Soon after they were born. He, therefore, decided to offer One son to Maharaj, if they Would be viable thereafter. After a few days three sons Were born and they did live And attained manhood. Tukaram had almost forgotten What he had solemnly decided. Now the eldest son Narayan Was struck with a fatal illness, Medicines were of no avail. Narayan's pulse was languid And his eyes were losing luster. His heart beat slowly. Now Tukaram remembered His pledge and he remembered Maharaj. He prayed within himself, "Maharaj, I am a liar, I failed in my promise. But now save Narayan, I shall offer him to you. He shall serve you till the end of his life." Soon a change came over Narayan. His pulse began to beat rhythmically. His pallid face became normal and the ebbing life Returned to him. When Narayan recovered, Tukaram brought him to Maharaj. He lived for long thereafter And served Maharaj and the math

Till his death. This story of Narayan is told So that people should know That one should be consistent In words and deeds. One year later Maharaj Went to Pandharpur with Hari Patil. Maharaj had a holy bath In Chandrabhaga and then Went into the holy temple. As he stood before the shrine, He said, "Oh Pandharinath, Oh Rukhminikant, the divine Diety of the devotees, You are inconceivable And all powerful. Please, listen to me. I had been on this earth As per your order, I moved from place to place And helped the devotees In attaining their cherished desires. I set them on the path of devotion. You know that I have fulfilled My life's mission. Oh Viththal, the bestower of Boons on Pundalik, Allow me to return now. In the ensuring Bhadrapada I wish to return to vaikuntha To stay with you permanently." So saying Maharaj, with tears in his eyes, Folded his hands. Hari Patil said to Maharaj "Are there tears in your eyes? Did I fail in my duty? Why are you sorry?" Maharaj held Hari Patil by his hand, And said, "This is a different story. You won't understand it. I am afraid I shall have to Leave your company soon. Let us return to Shegaon. You have done very much for me. Your prosperity will never decline. You have my blessings. Devotion will never die in your line." Hari Patil returned to Shegaon And had the mawanda performed. But Hari Patil was ill at ease. He told other devotees What Maharaj told him at Pandharpur. During Shravana, Maharaj lost weight. He appeared thin and always serene. It was now the month Bhadrapada. Maharaj told all the devotees On the day of Ganesh Chaturthi To come to math to see The immersion ceremony of Ganpati. It is written in Ganesh Purana That an image of Ganapati Should be made out of clay. It should be worshipped, And offerings should be given And then the image should Be immersed in water. Maharaj said to the devotees "The day has come. Immerse this body Which is made by clay. Do this with joy. I shall always be there To protect you at all times, And all in circumstances. Please, remember what

Krishna said to Arjuna, This body is like a rag, It must be changed When torn and no more Serviceable."Maharaj was happy Throughout the day of chaturthi. He held Balabhau with his hand And made him sit beside him. Maharaj told them again That they would be with them always. He bade them, not to forget him. After saying this, Maharaj forced his life breath Into the sahasrarachakra With the words "Jay Gajanan." The body ceased to move. It was the shaka year 1832. The name of the year was sadharana. It was the fifth day of The bright fortnight of Bhadrapada. The word round That Maharaj had entered samadhi. People from all quarters Rushed towards the math; They were all feeling bereaved. Maharaj was verily a living God In flesh and blood. For so many, he was happiness congealed. He was a light of knowledge to so many. Martand Patil, Hari Patil, Vishnusa Bankatlal And the loving Tarachand, And Shripatrao Kulkarni All assembled in the math. They thought it wise Not to perform the last rites On panchami. People were Coming from far and near. They would be disappointed If they would not have the last darshan of Maharaj. Govindshastri of Dongaon said "Maharaj would surely give darshan To his devotees. He would keep his body warm Till then, "They kept a lump of butter On Maharaj's head and it melted. Govindshastri said, "Maharaj is a true yogi, His body will remain Flower-fresh even for a year. But it will be improper To keep Maharaj so" All his dear devotees had come. Maharaj had been in dreams of devotees Living at distant places. All of them had come, Singing bhajan. With a thousand cymbals Jingling in the air, The whole town of Shegaon Was swept clean. Rangavali's were decorating well-sprinkled courtyards. Lamps were lighted before every house. A chariot was decorated And the body of Maharaj was placed in it. All types of musical instruments Were playing devotional music. Tulsi leaves, bukka and flowers Were showered on the body. The body was taken in a big procession, In a large well decorated

chariot. The procession lasted for the whole night. In the morning it ended at the math. The body was placed On the selected spot. It was bathed with Holy water with The mantra for Rudra-abhisheka. The last arati was sung, The body was placed on the seat Facing the north, as is laid down In the scriptures. The cell was filled with Salt, argaja and abir And a slab was placed On the door amidst the shouts,"Jay Swami Gajanan, Jay Swami Gajanan." The last ceremonial festival Lasted for ten days, Thousands of men and women came And had Prasad. The glory of a saint Surpasses that of a sovereign king.Let this Gajanan Vijay by Dasaganu Show the right path to all the devotees!

END OF CHAPTER NINETEEN

Chapter 20 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha

|| Salutations to Ganesh ||

Glory be to the Lord of Rukmini Who moves about on the banks of the Chandrabhaga. Oh my Lord! Please hold your graceful hand On my head in benediction. You are the lord of lords. Why do you want to make a fool of me? Burns away my sins, Let me be in a jovial mood To pray to you often and To sing your glories. If you won't do this, They blame You. Those who are great Do not let their honour get tarnished. After the day when Maharaj Entered samadhi, People thought that Shegaon Was forlorn, and that Maharaj, who was the Glorious sun of knowledge Had set and that Shegaon was now lost in the dust. If the ocean becomes dry And the blossom of a tree drops down, Will they not look miserable? Who will now go to Shegaon, And for what ? If there is no idol in a temple Who will bedeck only the door with garlands? People were saying so, But they were all wrong. The divine flame Continued to glow in Shegaon. Those who believe this Are amply rewarded. They get a vision of Maharaj When they visit the place, And their desires are fulfilled. There was one Ganpat Kothade, An agent of Rally & Co. in Shegaon. He used to come to math daily And used to recite stotras Before the samadhi. Once on the eve of dasara, Ganpat thought of performing an abhisheka On the samadhi and of feeding Brahmins. He came home and sent provisions. For the feast, to the math. Ganpat's wife said to him, "Why are you so extravagant? Tomorrow is Vijayadashami, Should not you purchase New clothes and ornaments For your wife and children? A man should earn and save money And should not waste it over such things As abhisheka and feeding of the Brahmins." Ganpat did not like what his wife said He said to her, "It is better to earn Religious merit than to earn and save And

spend for wife and children." That night Maharaj appeared Before Ganpat's wife in a dream. Maharaj said to her, "Do not go against your husband. Discriminate between what is real And what is unreal. Money, food and good clothing Won't last long. What is lasting Is man's good and benevolent action. Money spent in feeding others Is not wasted. It cuts asunder the knots Of wordly bondage. So, please, do not come in the way Of the holy intension of your husband." So, saying, Maharaj disappeared. Next day the wife told her husband What she saw in the dream. Ganpat said to his wife, "Look, our children, our property Belongs to Maharaj. We need not worry." There was one Laxman Hari Janjal. Once he had been to Bombay He was in a very unhappy mood, And was much worried. On the railway platform at V.T. He saw a tall sadhu With hands reaching to his knees. The paramhansa sadhu came Towards Laxman and said to him, "You are disciple of Gajanan, Why do you get despaired" Did you not feed 400 men On the anniversary day of Maharaj's maha samadhi? Don't you remember that Gopalrao Pethkar And Bapat had been there In spite of the fact that Bapat Had lost his son? Gajanan had appeared in their dreams And had advised them to participate In the anniversary function." Laxman was surprised At these statements. But ere he could do anything The sadhu disappeared. Laxman came home And all his worries left him. One Madhao Martand Joshi A revenue officer Had been to Kalamb For measuring some land. At the close of the day, He desired to go to Shegaon And have the darshan of samadhi. He asked his peon To yoke the canopied bullock-cart. The peon said that clouds Were gathering in the sky And that it would rain heavily. The river Man would be in spate. Madhao said to him, "Today is Thursday and Nothing should discourage us From going for the darshan of Maharaj. We shall cross the river Ere it rains." They started and Soon reached upto the river Man. The bullock-cart was pressed into The stream and ere it could reach the other bank

Water-level in the river rose. It thundered with lightning, The wind blew hard, And both these men lost their nerve. The peon said, "We are lost! We shall die now and Will be carried away to the ocean By this turbulent stream." Madhao was all prayers. He sincerely prayed to Maharaj Both closed their eyes. The driver threw away the cords With which the bullocks were held. After a few seconds, When they opened their eyes They found themselves On the other bank of the river, On the way to Shegaon. They came to the math And bowed before the samadhi And witnessed the procession of the palanquin In the night. Here is another story Of Yadao Ganesh Subhedar of Hingani. He was a trader in cotton. In one year he suffered a loss Of ten thousand rupees, He was, therefore, worried. Once he came to Wardha And was sitting in a verandah Of Vinayak Asirkar. A beggar stood before him He was dressed in the local fashion And had a laced-cap. He held a long stick in his hand And his body was shaking Due to old age. When the bagger begged, Yadao asked him to move on And not to bother him At that hour of the evening But the beggar climbed up the steps And entered the verandah And forcibly sat near Yadao. Yadao looked into the eyes of the beggar And was puzzled. The beggar's eyes were as bright As those of Maharaj of Shegaon. But Yadao knew that Maharaj was no more And would not now be seen By his mortal eyes anymore. Yadao, however, did not take trouble Of pondering over the matter And gave a couple of pices To the beggar whereupon The beggar asked for rupees. The beggar said "You have been Promising to give me enough And seldom have you kept your word. Did not you suffer a loss Of ten thousand rupees? Come on, give me whatever You have in your pocket." Yadao gave a few more rupees And the beggar asked for more. At last Yadao gave Whatever he had, Then the beggar said, "Why do you entertain doubts About Gajanan. Remove your clothes And stand before me. Let me caress you. All you worries would leave

you." The beggar caressed him lovingly. When he was doing so, Asirkar entered the verandah From within the house. The beggar then hurried away. Yadao tried to follow him But there was no trace to him. Yadao then thought That the beggar was no other Than Maharaj. The next day, carts loaded with cotton Came to the market yard Yadao got a good price For his cotton and all the previous Loss was wiped out. Yadao had no doubt now Regarding the identity of Maharaj. Once Rajaram Kavar, the doctor Was transferred from Khamgaon to Telhara. He hired a bullock-cart Which belonged to one in Telhara. On his way he got down in Shegaon And after the darshan of samadhi, Desired to proceed further Balabhau persuaded him To stay overnight, As due to vyatipat it was not advisable To travel during the night. But Kavar was keen On proceeding to the new station. The cart-man yoked the cart And Kavar, the doctor proceeded to The new station with the family. They lost the way and The cart came to a lake And stopped. The way could not be seen. The doctor got cross with the cart-man The cart-man was baffled As he could not find the usual way. In fact he was a habitual Traveller by that way. And there was no chance Of his losing the way. After they waited long, Doctor heard the jingling of bells Of another cart. He asked the cart-man To follow the sound of bells. The cart-man let cart follow it And after some time They found themselves Within the precincts of Shegaon. The doctor asked the cart-man To take the cart to the math. Balabhau knew That Maharaj did not Allow the doctor To go an inauspicious day. The doctor took Prasad next day And proceeded to Telhara. Ratansa Bhavasar Had a son named Dinkar who had rickets. The son became very emaciated And the medicine was of no avail. The disease was in its last stage. Ratansa then took the son And placed him at the door of the samadhi. He sincerely prayed to Maharaj And solemnly decided To distribute Prasad worth five rupees. He praised Maharaj and said "You cast your glance at

my son, There is nectar in your eyes. I am sure, if you will, my son will revive." After some time the child, Who was motionless so far, Began to move limbs, in a few days, Dinkar regained his health. If you seek anything At the feet of Maharaj With sincere devotion, You are bound to get it. ChandraBhaga, daughter of Ramachandra Patil Returned to her parents for maternity From in-laws of Ladegaon. After the delivery, she was attacked by navajwara. It lasted for nine days And made her very weak. She continued to be ill In spite of treatment by reputed doctors. At last Ramachandra Patil Suspended all medicines But administered her the angara or holy ashes. It worked. She recovered completely. Faith and devotion Can work miracles. Janaki, wife of Ramachandra Patil Suffered from rheumatism Medicines would give her temporary relief, But again the disease Would flare up. Many persons offered themselves to cure her And took enough money from Patil, But to no purpose, He at last advised her To visit the samadhi every day This cured her within a few days. When Balabhau expired And his soul reached vaikuntha Narayan had a dream. He was residing in Nandura. Maharaj came into his dream And advised him to proceed to Shegaon For the service of people. Narayan served people It is very difficult To know the live of Gajanan In its true perspective. It is well-nigh impossible For me to pen all the miracles. I have noted what Maharaj Wanted me to note. It is he who caused me To commit to writing these few events of his life. The next chapter Would verily shine As the golden top of a temple. Let this be offered to Hari and Hara !

END OF CHAPTER TWENTY

Chapter 21 Shree Gajanan Vijay Grantha

|| Salutations to Ganesh ||

Glory be to Ganesh, Who grabs himself in ways infinite, Who is indestructible, Who is the lord of the departed And the lord supreme of the entire universe. Oh lord, be Ye true to your title The sancitifier of all sinners. Oh lord, you love all, More so, the sinners. Where will they go To wash their sins? The mother earth has given them The asylum. Is that ther reason Why you are neglecting them? You sanctify a sinner And also a meritorious one. But you are a free, either from sin or virtue. Does the sun exert To destroy darkness? As the darkness confronts the sun, It ceases to be darkness. It is you, oh Narayan, Who creates desires among men, Both for good things and for bad things. Now I pray to relieve me, This humble Dasaganu from all The worries of the world. Oh Pandurang, I know none else Who will recommend me to vaikuntha? Oh you listeners, Be ye all ears now. This is the last chapter Which will shine like a Golden cap on the dome of a temple. Those who have an implicit faith At the feet of Gajanan, Can always surmount Any difficulty or danger. Now listen, while the construction of the temple Was going on There was a labourer Who, perching on a high scaffolding Was handing over a Huge dressed stone to the mason. In this act, the labourer Fell from the height of 30 feet On the pile of big stone below. When they saw him fall, They were sure that he would die instantly. But the man came down And bounced like a ball And he was all unhurt. When they came near him And asked him how it happened, He said, "While I came down, Someone caught me And set me on the ground. I looked for him but could see none. The men congratulated the man And said, "Blessed are you Who has been held in the air and Saved by Maharaj!" Once a Rajput woman, Possessed by a

ghost Came all the way from Jaipur. While at Jaipur, Dattatreya Had been in her dream, And had advised her To visit Shegaon in order, To get rid of the ghost. The woman came accompanied By her two sons. There were large crowds On the Ram Navami day. The temple was under construction. There were large stone pillars. Five feet in height and one and a half in width. These were placed here and there, but not fixed. Forced by the crowd, The woman took shelter At one of the pillars. But it toppled down And the women got under it. People rushed there And removed the pillar, And hurried her to A lady doctor,Lobo. The doctor was a devout Christian. She was a good surgeon also. She examined the woman And declared that not a bone of the woman Was fractured. All were surprised. But the surprise subsided When they came to a conclusion That the fall of the pillar Was caused by Maharaj just to exorcise the ghost. The woman then went back to Jaipur Completely recovered. On another occasion One Naiknavare was saved, In spite of the fall of a beam On his head. One day a gosai called at the doors Of Ramachandra, the son of Krishnaji Patil. "I am hungry. Won't anyone feed me?" said he. Ramachandra was a God-fearing person. He came to the door. As he scanned the gosai He noticed a sort of resemblance Of the gosai with Maharaj. He led the gosai into the house, Offered him a wooden seat And worshipped him. Gosai said to Patil, "I have specially come today To tell you something. Do not worry about the debt. You will soon clear it off. Have not you seen that Even the Godavari goes dry at times In hot summer? If the Almighty God Showers His grace, You will be soon an affluent person. Wherever will fall The crumbs of my bread, The place will be holy and will Prosper hereafter. So go and bring me a plate Of food, fresh and rich, And throw a mantle On my worm up body. Whatever you give to the poor and the needy Reaches Narayan. "Ramachandra served the gosai a hot dinner. And when the gosai had his

meal Patil offered him five rupees. The gosai refused to take the money And said, "I do not want this as daxina. I want to give me something else. I want your service as the manager of the math. That will be my daxina and I shall be pleased. I do not know if anyone else Will do this job better. You give me this daxina. And see that your wife Will regain her health. Come, call your son, I have brought a talisman For him. You are a Patil. And hard is your job. There are many who would be your enemies But do not swerve from the right path, And do not harbour hatred. Discriminate between a sadhu And a hypocrite and never follow the latter. If you abide by these instructions, The Lord Shrinivas will be pleased. Keep your expenses within your means And do not show off. Never shut the door for a sadhu. If a real saint is dishonored, Gods gets annoyed with you. Therefore, love the saints and the virtuous. Never insult saints As God is displeased thereby. Keep good relations With your relatives. If one must get angry The anger Should not be deep-rooted. One should always be loving One should be like a jack-fruit, Which has spikes without But sweetness within." The gosai tied the talisman And left the place, And vanished in the wilderness outside. Ramachandra Patil was not sure As to who the gosai was. A dream that night Cleared his doubt. Gajanan Maharaj Is all the love to his devotees. The samadhi was constructed Out of the funds subscribed By all the devotees. Rooms for the pilgrims were also constructed. The main contributors were, Hari Patil, son of Kukaji, Banaji of Sangvi, Ganaji of Umari, Mesaji of Batwadi, Gangaram of Ladegaon Bhagu, Nandu and Gujabai, Banabai of Akola —mother of Sukhdeo Patil. All these gave thousands of rupees In donation for the construction work. Ramachandra Krishnaji Patil, Dattu Bhikaji, Sukhdeo ji of Palaskhed Martand Ganpati of Shegaon, Ratanlal Walchand, Dattulal of Panchgavan, Bisanlal from the same place, Ambarsing of Takli, Kisan of Belmandal, Vithoba Patil of Chawra, Gangaram of Hansapur, All these

men were donors Who donated large sums of money For the samadhi and other Constructions in the premises. Farmers voluntarily offered A devotees's tax of one anna Per rupee of land revenue. Similarly, half an anna Used to be contributed by farmers Whenever they brought Cart-loads of grain or cotton In the market. Once Kisanlal performed A shatachandi anushtan. At the closing day of the anusthan Bankatlal father of Kisanlal Was seriously ill. Kisanlal and others Were afraid, but Bakatlal was not. He assured his son That nothing untoward would happen Until the last oblations Were given to the fire-god. Shortly, afterwords Bankatlal was hale and hearty. Banaji Tidke of Sangavi And Gujabai of Kasura, Waman, son of Shamrao of Chapadgaon, All these persons Peformed sacrifices before the samadhi. As long as people of this land Had a faith in Maharaj, There was prosperity everywhere. Therefore, have faith in Maharaj And live by him. Whatever good you will sow You will reap thousandfold. You cannot sow seeds on rocks. The faith in religion and ethics Is verily a tigress dwelling in the mind. If the tigress vacates the den, It will be occupied by Wolves of bad desires. One should visit the samadhi At least once in a year. One should read the Gajanan Vijay. At least once in a while. These twenty one chapters Are like modaks for Gajanan Or, they are like durvas So much loved by Gajanan. This is not a fantasy, It is truly the life story of Gajanan. The verses of Dasaganu Are verily the ripples On the wide bosom of the Ganga. Or this life of Swami Gajanan Is verily the wish fulfilling tree And the 21 chapters are its branches And the verses are the foliage. Swami Gajanan will always Save one, who has a deep faith In this book of his life. Laxmi will stay on Where this book will be read. One who would be read this book During the auspicious hours When Guru and Pushya unite Will get all his desires thoroughly fulfilled. Whatever this book will be placed, The place will be holy And ghosts and sprits Will not frequent it. The wicked won't

realize this For the Manas Lake is For the Himalayan swans And not for dirty ducklings. Jnyaneshwar, Mira, Mehta, Kabir, Nama and Swata, Chokha, Gora, Bodhala And Damaji Ainath is Umbarkhed And Sakharam in Amalner, Deo, the tahasildar And Manik Prabhu of Humnabad. These were the saints in the past So, Gajanan was a great Saint of Vidarbha. So I beseech you all To fasten your devotion At the feet of Gajanan Maharaj. Oh, Lord, Have mercy on Dasaganu! May his heart Become pure and let him Love the saints at all times. Let this humble Dasaganu Visit the sacred places And let him constantly reside On the banks of the Goda Dasaganu has written This Gajanan Vijay With the help of papers Made available to him By Ratansa. If he as omitted anything, Let Gajanan forgive him. Dasaganu, with the grace of Swami Gajanan Completed this work At shegaon, on the first day Of the bright fortnight of Chaitra Of Saka 1861 the name of the Year was Pramathi. Let this book be a boat For all the devotees And let them all reach At the other end of This ocean of sansar ! Let there be everything beautiful And auspicious -I dedicate this to Hari and Hara

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END OF CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE